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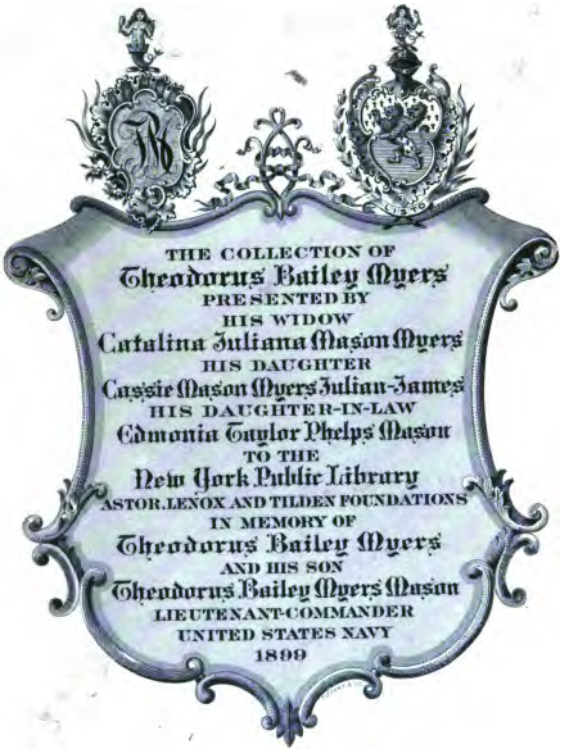
THE COLLECTION OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
PRESENTED BY
HIS WIDOW
Catalina Juliana Mason Myers
HIS DAUGHTER
Cassie Mason Myers Julian-James
HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Edmonia Taylor Phelps Mason
TO THE
New York Public Library
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
IN MEMORY OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
AND HIS SON
Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
UNITED STATES NAVY
1899

Olivet

POEMS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY ISABELLA OLIVER,
Of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

ALL hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of men and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Carlisle:
FROM THE PRESS OF A. LOUDON,
(WHITEHALL.)

1805.

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District of Pennsylvania, TO WIT:

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twelfth day of June, in the Twenty-ninth Year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1805. Isabella Oliver, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the Right whereof she claims as Author, in the Words following, to wit:

"Poems, on Various Subjects. By Isabella Oliver, of "Cumberland County, Pennsylvania."

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned" And also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned," and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL, Clerk of the
District of Pennsylvania.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS you are about soon to publish a volume of Miss OLIVER's Poems, I have thought it proper to communicate some particulars respecting the Poetess and her performance, which you may give to the public in any way you judge best. She is the daughter of James Oliver, Esq. long an inhabitant of Cumberland county,—a worthy citizen,—an eminent mathematician,—of whom she was deprived, when about fourteen years of age. She never received any thing more than a common english education. She very early discovered a fondness for rhyme, and took pleasure in clothing her friendly and pious sentiments in a poetic dress. And what is very

remarkable, though strictly true, she composed her pieces, generally, while engaged in the common business of life, or while taking a walk, and finished them without putting pen to paper: and when she was solicited to make a collection for publication, not being a ready writer herself, she dictated them to another person, who wrote them down. These Poems, therefore, have come, not so properly from the pen, as from the memory and the heart of the Poetess. The reader may be assured, (by one who has taken pains to be well informed) that they are published exactly as she dictated them, except a few words which she thought proper to substitute for others, or to add, or transpose, when she examined the proof-sheets, and a very few lines which are marked as quotations. As she has always been fond of the exercises of religion, well acquainted with the sacred writings, and also with the

works of celebrated Divines, this sufficiently accounts for the vein of piety which runs through all her Poems. This, it is hoped, will greatly recommend them to every serious reader. She appears to aim at something much higher than the mere play of fancy or momentary amusement; it is, that the cause of virtue and piety may be promoted. That the public may duly estimate so rare a performance, and give all due encouragement to the benevolent and pious Muse, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

R. D.

Mr. ARCHIBALD LOUDON.

Carlisle, June 3d, 1805.

ГВВУКА
ЬЛВГІС
ИЕЛ АОІК

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POEMS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR, BY Mrs. J. F—, IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST, THAT SHE WOULD BE A PARTNER IN THIS PUBLICATION.

DOST thou ask me, dearest maid,
To forsake this peaceful shade,
Where by Heaven's wisdom plac'd,
Life's meridian I have pass'd?
Here amidst the rural throng,
If I chant my rustic song,
Pleas'd the list'ning group attend,
And the artless lay commend;
While partial kindness spreads a veil,
Every blemish to conceal:
But should I thy plan pursue,
And emerge to public view,

What different treatment must I bear,
The critic's taunt, the witling's sneer!
While genius, from his height sublime,
Would pitying view my waste of time;
And prudent housewives thank their stars,
They dealt in no such useless wares.
But thou, to whom indulgent Heaven
Superior gifts has kindly given!
Go on; and in thy moral page
Instruct and please the rising age:
Rouse and animate our youth,
In the search of sacred truth:
Fan devotion's hallow'd flame,
And point to heav'n each ardent aim:
Till hope, and truth, and love divine,
In their lives and actions shine.
And, when thou quit'st thy earthly lyre,
To join the bright celestial choir,
Thy harmonious pow'rs shall raise
Seraphic strains, in grateful praise
To him, who fills heav'ns awful throne!
Th' eternal Godhead, Three in One!

Inscribed to Mrs. J. F——.

WHY should my friend neglect the gifts of heaven,
Who has to all their different talents given?
Let critics point the faults we ought to mend,
And every art its sister art befriend:
While we the dictates of the muse obey,
And shape our course as nature points the way.
Thou lively emblem of whate'er is kind!
Why should the precious offspring of thy mind
Be kept so close?—Come, let them take the air,
They'll bloom more fresh at least, if not more fair;
The sun, indeed, may tinge their lily hue,
But while imbrowning it invig'rates too.
Orestus seconds, but we plead in vain;
The coward muse denies her pleasing strain,
Or breathes it softly to unconscious trees;
May-hap indebted to some freindly breeze
Some notes are caught; transported with the sound,
We for the unseen warbler gaze round.

You for concealment cannot name a plea
But what applies with equal force to me.
Shall I go on, regardless of th' event,
Borne strangely forward by my native bent?
Methinks I could with greater firmness stand,
Might I but hold thee by thy friendly hand.
Yet let not kindness tempt thee to agree
To act contrariant to thy mind for me.
At worst, I think, it cannot be a crime;
Sure there's no bloodshed in a mangled rhyme;
Or should there be, e'en while that blood is spilling,
Those cannot suffer who are void of feeling.
Pen, ink, and paper, neither hear nor see;
Of course the anguish all devolves on me;
Or at the very farthest, but extends
To the kind bosom of those partial friends,
To whom I very freely give a share,
Since they neglect to warn me to forbear.
Dear friends, I'm gone beyond a hint, I doubt;
If you would stop me, pray speak freely out,
Or else, let life or death this work betide,
Hereafter stand with firmness by my side.
Cannot your kindness break each cruel blow
That may be dealt to lay my laurels low?

Such words as these may soften my concern—
" The world wants judgment and cannot discern;
" Some lib'ral minds alone confess their merit,
" The rest are guided by a captious spirit—."
O words more sweet than sugar-plumbs or pears!
Grateful as healing oil to aching ears!
The pleasing foretaste makes my heart expand;
With such a cordial plac'd so near at hand,
Why should I hesitate, why wait to think,
But freely at Parnassus' fountain drink?
" How shall the muse in silence then remain?"
The air we breathe of course respires again.
Till these inspiring streams shall cease to flow;
While on their borders fancy's garlands grow;
While there are sprigs enough to form a wreath;
'Twill be as natural to rhyme as breathe.
Here let me turn the current of my lays,
Lest you suppose me angling after praise.
But were I conscious of no higher aim,
I'd stand indebted to ingenuous shame
For that which would-be-beauties vainly spread
On sallow cheeks—I mean, a little red.
Where my true motives are not understood,
Sweet charity, draw near, and think them good.

On the death of General Washington.

LO! a dark cloud its banners hath unfurl'd,
And wrapt in sable half the western world.
This day* the festive dance was wont to grace,
When smiling pleasure brighten'd every face.
How diff'rent now! The shaft which laid him low
Turns sprightly songs to elegies of woe!
This day, my friends, forget each private cross;
Lose selfish sorrow in the gen'ral loss.
Let every heart with gen'rous ardour glow,
Till public virtue springs from public woe.
While his dear urn with grateful tears we lave,
Let us still bless th' auspicious day that gave
America a son who gilds her name;
For with his own he rais'd his country's fame.
WASHINGTON's glory through the world is spread,
And distant nations mourn the hero dead.

* February 22d, being the anniversary of the General's birth.

Let us do more: while weeping o'er his grave,
Let us his virtues on our souls engrave——.
'Tis true, all are not call'd to public life,
And few are leaders in a glorious strife;
But on this earthly stage we all sustain
A part, and none should spend their time in vain.
Did he with zeal his arduous task pursue?
Shall we neglect the little we've to do?
Did he his life in public labour spend,
Yet every private duty well attend?
Let those, then, blush, who, free from public cares,
Suffer confusion in their own affairs.
Shall there be fathers, without any claim
To that endearing title, save the name?
Mothers, forgetful of their precious trust?
Perfidious friends, or magistrates unjust?
Children, who bursting every filial tie,
Can break their parents' hearts without a sigh?
Young men and maids, in fashion's whirlpool toss'd,
Till ev'ry virtuous principle is lost?
Forbid it, ev'ry sable sign of grief,
That marks respect for the illustrious chief,
Whose bright example strongly recommends
Rev'rence to God, and faithfulness to friends.

No mad ambition fir'd his gen'rous blood;
Above his own he sought his country's good.
And now we hear the public voice proclaim,
That merit is the proper road to fame:
This truth's attach'd to his beloved name.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. DR. WITHERSPOON, LATE PRESIDENT OF NEW-JERSEY COLLEGE.

WEAK are the efforts of this feeble pen
To trace the merits of the best of men!
Shall I presume, shall I, alas! pretend
To paint a worth I cannot comprehend!
Let some superior genius who has trode
Under his care the scientific road,
Tell us how deep, how solid, how refin'd,
Were all the powers of his exalted mind:
Tell us, of wisdom what a wond'rous store
He gather'd from the wise who went before:
Tell us, how great in council he appears,
When public danger call'd to state affairs:

Bring his distinguish'd merits back to view,
And strive to pay departed worth its due.
Mine be an easier task....Let me impart
In artless strains, the feelings of my heart.
Let me give vent to grateful friendship's flame,
Which melts my heart to think upon his name!
His much-lov'd name I ever shall revere;
While mem'ry lasts I'll hold his memory dear:
For still I saw him uniformly good;
Firm to the cause of sacred truth he stood;
His principles and life did well accord;
In both he strove to glorify his Lord.
Alas! he's gone! Now tears in torrents fall!
A general sadness darkens "Nassau-Hall!"
Yet still he speaks in the instructive page;
He lives, and will through each successive age.

In memory of the learned and Rev. Dr. Charles Nisbet, late Principal of Dickinson College.

ALAS! another luminary's gone!
" Whence rays of truth and science brightly shone."
Great Nisbet's dead! He too from Scotia came,
His soul inspired with thy sacred flame,
O Liberty! He mark'd thy glorious rise,
And rapid growth beneath these western skies.
Though to his country and his sovereign true,
He took delight thy opening charms to view;
For still the active friend of human kind,
No local prejudices dimm'd his mind.
Dear to the hearts of all the wise and good,
Among the foremost in the church he stood;
Dear to his flock, they to him fondly clung,
And on his lips for fresh instruction hung.
There is not scope enough in words to tell
The pangs attending on their last farewell!
In hopes of greater usefulness he bore
The conflict Witherspoon endur'd before.

O give the muse a prospect of the sea,
To tell the dangers that he brav'd to see
This young Republic, and with care and pains
Spread useful knowledge o'er these wide domains.
Arriv'd; the gates of Dickinson are spread;
The infant College hails him as its head.
Here long he did with genuine lustre shine,
As husband, father, scholar, and divine;
But sunk at last oppress'd with age and care!—
O Providence, supply his vacant chair!
O bless this seminary! may it be
The nurse of morals and of piety,
As well as science: may these all combine!—
Send forth its sons a blessing to mankind.

Composed by the Authoress when in Childhood.

I'VE just begun a walk through life;
And to avoid all future strife,
I now should cultivate a mind
For immortality design'd.
Shall I to manly thoughts aspire,
And nought but what is great admire?
No: I'll to softer rules conform,
And rather fly than meet a storm;
But should that storm my flight o'ertake,
And after all upon me break;
Then let me bear it patiently,
And with the greatest constancy.
Within this breast let pity glow,
And my heart melt at others woe;
For souls devoid of feeling, find
A dreadful vacancy of mind.
O may my soul each virtue grace,
And make it far transcend my face!
For faces shortly must decay,
But souls last to eternity!

On a Summer-House—at the request of Miss J. S.

YOU name a subject for the drooping muse;
How can I then the pleasing task refuse?
Alas! my friend, the flame of verse burns low,
I've lost, I've lost th' enthusiastic glow
That once inspir'd my breast, and bade spontaneous numbers flow.
Have I not, with my native walks and streams,
Resign'd gay fancy's visionary dreams?
'Twas there my first ideas took their rise,
And with the scene the glowing image flies.
O lead me to your solitary seat,
Your fav'rite arbour, your belov'd retreat,
Where nature acts th' ingenious artist's part,
Nay, goes beyond the rivalship of art.
From her complete the curious building came,
One tree supports and finishes the frame.
How many beauties croud into the scene!
The gliding waters and the level green,
Seen from an height that strikes with solemn awe,
And lifts the soul, as 'twere, by nature's law;

Whilst the sweet songster of the shady grove
Infuses softness, harmony and love.
O nature! how shall I thy charms express?
I love thee still, although I court thee less.
Sweet are the charms of nature's smiling face,
But sweeter far the charms of saving grace:
This charming subject, this itself alone
Could never be exhausted, never done;
This animating subject might infuse
A living fire into the dullest muse;
This elevating subject might impart
Sublime ideas to the grossest heart:
It humbles pride, and bids the lowly rise,
Strengthens the weak, and makes the simple wise,
Is the best refuge in severe distress,
The best, indeed, our only real bliss.
O Earth! thy beauties would be soon forgot,
As quite unworthy of a single thought,
If the sharp sword of justice now were seen
Ready to strike, and none to step between.
But through our Lord that dreadful sword was driven,
And thus a passage made from earth to heaven.
When on this friend our hearts and hopes are fix'd,
This world he gives us, and ensures the next.

At the request of B——n.

B——N, for you I touch the trembling string;
Once more th' adventurous muse attempts to sing,
And for my subject I this morning choose
The wild excursions of the wandering muse.
The muse is wont to seek the shady grove,
To sing the sweets of solitude and love;
Or touch with trembling hand the sacred lyre,
And consecrate to heaven the poet's fire.
At times the starry wonders of the sky
Strike with such force upon the mental eye,
Th' unfetter'd soul starts from its low abode,
And's lost in the immensity of God.
Again, she lets sublimer objects pass,
To moralize upon a blade of grass;
Gives rocks, and dells, and purling streams renown,
And shuns the noise and bustle of the town;
Prefers a simple and obscure retreat,
To the luxuriant dwellings of the great;

Inhales with more delight the balmy breeze,
And hears the tuneful tenants of the trees,
With more refin'd sensations than presume
To entertain us in the stately room.
At times the muse will all her skill employ
To soften grief and heighten every joy;
With fancied beauties deck this mortal stage,
And to the mind renew the golden age.
Anon, a sable vestment she assumes,
Absorbs the soul in more than midnight glooms,
Doubles the weight of necessary cares,
Bursts forth in sighs, or melts in briny tears;
Sickens at folly, yet remains unwise,
And courts the vanities she must despise:
Then e'en religion heightens painful thought,
Showing the dreadful havock sin has wrought.
But soon her genial influence clears the sky,
In her true peace and solid comforts lie,
For long unhappy they can never be,
O gracious God, who place their trust in thee;
Who count thy glory as their highest good,
And seek thy favour through a Saviour's blood;
Who seek thee in thy own appointed way,
Revere thy laws and on thy gospel stay.

Where is the union? What strange contact binds
Material things to immaterial minds?
By what mysterious influence can it be,
We're join'd to all we hear, or feel, or see?
How is it, sunshine or refreshing showers
Revive the soul and animate her powers?
And yet she still asserts her heavenly birth,
By starving when she seeks her all on earth:
Though here she may some slight refreshment find,
Her element is of a nobler kind:
On human souls God made his image known,
And satisfies them with himself alone.

A Hymn.

SEE! from his throne of glory bright,
Where Angels worship with delight,
Jesus, the glorious Prince of Peace,
Descends to save our ruin'd race.

On earth he fixes his abode;
Earth has a visit from her God!

A veil of flesh he deigns to wear,
And dwell with sinful mortals here.

Nor doth he as a monarch dwell,
Though Lord of heaven, and earth, and hell;
No crown that blessed head adorns,
But one that's made of piercing thorns.

His life was one continued scene
Of doing good to wretched men;
And as his follower, surely I,
To do what good I can, should try.

I am all frail and weak, 'tis true,
And of myself can nothing do;
But in thy hand I fain would be
The means of bringing some to thee.

And as for me, O God of grace!
Grant but my name some humble place
Within thy book of life, that I
May sing thy praise eternally.

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY IN THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

O SACRED love! sweet source of grief and joy!
'Tis thine to bless, and thou canst bliss destroy.
The most unalter'd pleasures that we feel,
Arise from love, that love that's pure and real:
And sure the sharpest pangs which rend the heart,
Are when a faithful pair are doom'd to part.
When from my side my dearest self was torn,
'Twas then I might be truly said to mourn.
Behold our infant train assembled round!
Should I complain when with such blessings crown'd!
I view them with a fond impatient eye,
And trace your image in each smiling boy.
O where shall I thy truest likeness find?
'Tis best impress'd on my own bleeding mind.
Could I the feelings of my heart unfold;—
But they are such as never can be told.
To think in silence is my hapless lot,
And you the subject of each rising thought.

Sometimes my bosom's fill'd with chilling fears;
A scene of horror to my view appears.
Methinks I see you in a distant place,
Without a friend, without a last embrace,
Expiring lie. If this should be your fate—
I cannot bear the thought—O desp'rate state!
But heaven, I trust, has better things in store;
Heaven will restore thee to my arms once more.
And when we meet, what transport will it be
To open all my secret thoughts to thee,
To tell thee all the feelings of my breast,
And in thy sweet society be blest.

On Love—At the request of a Friend.

LOVE's soft enchantment let me never know;
But shun, at least, one avenue of woe.
Let cold indiff'rence chill my vital part,
And shut each tender opening to my heart.
Love's a perplex'd compound of hopes and fears;
Storms rais'd by sighs, and deluges of tears.

Most leave the shore with a propitious gale;
Hope's gentle breezes fill the swelling sail;
Smooth and unruffl'd the soft waters flow,
Covering the rocks and quicksands hid below:
But soon, perhaps, unthought-of storms arise,
Lifting the foaming billows to the skies.
Then stands reveal'd the unsuspected rock;
Hope sinks o'erwhelm'd, and peace of mind is broke.
Alas! how many gentle hearts have mourn'd
The purest, tenderest passion, unreturn'd?
While others happy in a mutual flame,
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and fears the same;
Are by unthought-of obstacles surpris'd,
And love as duty must be sacrific'd.
'Tis dreadful to be station'd in a field,
Where it is death to conquer, or to yield;
Where one dicisive step must either prove
A breach of duty, or the death of love.
But happy they who prove their fix'd regard
To virtue, though they find her dictates hard.
Among the favour'd few whose hearts and hands
Are firmly join'd in Hymen's silken bands,

Where every care and sorrow seem forgot,
And crouding blessings crown their envied lot:
Too soon, alas! delight is chang'd to woe;
Death ends the happy union at a blow.
Then how bereft,—how des'late,—how forlorne!
'Twas thus, alas! I saw my mother mourn.
'Tis plain, my friend, they act a silly part,
Who give a feeble mortal all the heart.
Nothing beneath the great eternal whole,
Has worth sufficient to engross the soul.
But he our serious trials has ordain'd,
And by his grace they all may be sustain'd.
He fills the void when earthly comforts fly;
Cements and sweetens every human tie.
Then let each native passion have its way,
Govern'd by reason's and religion's sway.
I've read some authors, who minutely state
The readiest means the heart to regulate.
They treat of dress, of gesture, and of looks,
And give us lessons on the choice of books.
Then let pernicious novels* be resign'd;
And solid reading feed the craving mind.

* The Authoress does not intend to condemn all Novels as pernicious; many of them may be read with profit.

But let me not so sweet a pleasure lose
As warms my heart in culturing the muse.
What tho' she leads me to sequester'd bowers;
By purling streams and meadows clad with flowers;
Or fondly loiters in the shady grove,
Pleas'd with the gentle wooings of the dove:
In this she deviates not from nature's way;
And simple nature seldom leads astray.
Ye powers of harmony, for ever dear
To me; the readiest antidote to care;
Oft have you rais'd my soul on downy wings
Above the world and all terrestial things.
As you have cheer'd me in life's earliest stage,
O smooth the passage of declining age.
Let nought impure or impious ever find
Through thee an introduction to the mind.
Paint every virtue in its native white,
And make vice odious to the mortal sight.

To Serenia.

ADIEU! thou sweetest, gentlest friend,
Dear Sister of my heart, adieu!
But to the earth's remotest end
My kindest thoughts shall follow you.

O Mitio, every power exert
To mitigate the parting pang;
Through thee should sorrow reach her heart,
'Twould give to grief its bitterest twang.

If tost about with every wind,
The gusts of passion you obey,
And let the senses rule the mind,
Then love and joy must die away.

Attend not to the siren song
That would allure in pleasure's guise;
Whilst thou art healthy, young and strong,
Pursue true pleasure where she lies.

Where true religion is the guide,
Integrity's her constant plan;
In such 'tis natural to confide,
The wise will honour such a man.

Wilt thou that nobler path pursue,
That good may from thy conduct spring?
Then heaven-born peace will dwell in you,
And outward evils lose their spring.

The only parent's hope fulfil,
And dissipate her anxious fears;
On her long widow'd heart distil
Sweet comfort in declining years.

Farewell! farewell, cherubic boy!
Thy smiles may cheer a mother's heart,
And yield thy father purer joy
Than jovial clubs could e'er impart.

Let manly smiles his features grace
To hear thee prattling at his knee;
Paternal love his sinews brace,
And teach him to provide for thee.

Farewell, my friends! again farewell!
To bode of meeting is no crime,
The wisest mortal can't foretel
What's buried in the womb of time.

Still the same earth supports our feet;
One sun illumines all our eyes;
Though we in person ne'er should meet,
Our prayers may mingle as they rise.

From the same hand divine we all shall have *
Whatever blessings to our lot may fall;
The same Redeemer died our souls to save,
May his unspotted robe invest us all.

O may we learn a Saviour's worth to know,
By feeling our own wants, since these are real,
And timely to the great physician go,
Whose skill alone the sin-sick soul can heal.

Ah! might my warmest wish acceptance find
Before th' Eternal, this should be my prayer,
That all to whom I am by kindred join'd,
Might in this free, this full salvation share.

The ties of nature form a close embrace,
Around the human heart through life they twine;
But firmer far than these the ties of grace
Which ever last, and may be call'd divine.

Where both are blended language cannot trace
The streams of pleasure which of course must flow;
Did this extend to all the human race,
'Twould make a little Paradise below.

* The lines from this to the conclusion of the Poem are two syllables longer than those in the former part.

COMPOSED IN CHILDHOOD—MORNING.

BRIGHT morning comes, adorn'd in all the charms
Of sportive gaiety. What rapture warms
This glowing breast! while feather'd warblers spring
From bough to bough, and in sweet concert sing.
Listen—how they unite their tuneful lays,
And seem to chant their glorious Maker's praise!
And should not man his grateful homage pay,
Who fills a more distinguish'd rank than they?
Is man the noblest of God's works below?
Sure then his praise in noblest strains should flow.
A reasonable soul he doth enjoy,
With the sweet hope of immortality.

EVENING.

EVENING appears array'd in modesty.
No dark'ning tempest clouds the azure sky.
All is serene and peaceful that appears,
Sober and mild, like the declining years
Of a good man, who looks back on the path
Of well-spent days, then dares to think on death.
Death just approaching draws the scene, to close
His earthly pleasures and his earthly woes.
With heart serene he thinks upon the tomb,
As the sure place to which he soon must come;
Where he must lay his tottering body by,
And rob'd in goodness, dwell above the sky.
There will he praise and love him who was slain,
To purify from sin's polluting stain;
Who sinners brings to the divine abode;
Presents them spotless at the throne of God.

A Morning Piece.

NOW rosy morning sheds her sweets abroad;
The shades disperse, the gloom of night retires;
Aurora, blushing, brightens all around.
How sweet the scene! how beautiful to view
The face of nature at this early hour!
All things look gay; the verdant landskip smiles;
The lark high-soaring tells the world her joy;
While from the floating clouds ambrosial dew
Softly descends refreshing herbs and flowers:
Nor does the vegetable world alone,
Taste the glad influence of returning light!
The brute creation too, rising from sleep
With nerves new-brac'd, with strength renew'd by rest,
Well as their brutal natures will allow,
The sweetly-smiling summer's morning hail.
O! thou Almighty, all-pervading power,
Whose boundless goodness pours forth boundless bliss,
Distil thy dewy mercy on my mind,

Open it wider, to receive the shower;
The heavenly beauties teach me to admire;
And feed this soul, this hungry soul of mine,
With christian virtues, and with every grace,
That can restore and make my nature lovely;—
Lovely to thee, and lovely to myself;
And if thy sov'reign goodness will approve
The ambitious wish;——————
Engaging to my fellow-creatures too,
Nor for myself alone I heave the prayer,
Forgetting those whom nature's tender ties
Have join'd so close, mixing their fates with mine.
First, for my widow'd mother I invoke
Thy heavenly aid, my mother left alone!
Without a partner, she must act her part
In busy life, a helpless train to rear
Of infant minds, just opening into life.
Bless her endeavours with celestial smiles;
Soften her care, and heal her grief-worn heart,
That still her much-lov'd Oliver laments.
As dearest next, and dearest to my soul,
My brothers, sisters—sisters, brothers rise,
And in this throbbing bosom claim a place.

Yes, my dear other selves, for you I feel
The tenderest solicitude———————
May you in virtue as in stature grow,
And may your filial duty one day prove
The sweetest cordial to a mother's heart.
Those dear relations whom the tie of blood,
Or dearer friendship, rivets to the soul,
Come next:———————————
In all I've nam'd, I feel th' endearing ties,
Either the ties of kindred, or of choice,
Work in my breast infusing thoughts of kindness.
My heart expanding as the muse goes on,
Embraces now the neighbourhood at large,
Nor stops its sourse, but with extended arms
Encircles all Columbia's wide domains.
My country dear I to my bosom hold,
Her sons, her daughters, in one wide embrace;
All brothers, sisters in a public view.
O! my lov'd country, dearest to my heart!
Long may you flourish, gen'rous, brave and free;
Here may religion beam celestial smiles;
Here too, may science flourish unconfin'd,
And peace and plenty bless the happy clime.
My heart grown wider and my love more free,

Kindred and country now confine no more;
But, strange to think! whate'er has being finds
Some little place within this little heart;
But chiefly all who wear the human form.
O thou Almighty source of life and love!
In whose bless'd bosom true benev'lence dwells,
Fill my whole soul, possess my every power,
And, through thy blessed influence, diffuse
My heart abroad in universal love.

On the death of Mrs. F. and her Infant Son, in the absence of her Husband.

WHAT a sad stroke is this! cut down in all
The pride and bloom of life, when fortune's smile
And love's sweet influence gilded every scene;
When every tie to life was fresh and green,
Conjugal, filial, and fraternal bands:
Must all be sever'd! The most callous feel
Her bitter pangs, her agonizing death:
But the submissive sufferer meekly bears;

She feels the comfort of a stronger bond,
Of sweet affiance to a better friend,
Than the most stable in this changeful world.
Here is no need of an inventive muse
To dress its object in ideal charms;
Truth lays a firm foundation for my praise.
On the dear subject of this weak essay
Much might be said, and those who knew her best
Can set their seals, and add, all this she was.
She was, alas! but is to us no more!
Oh! 'twas an awful, an impressive hour,
A solemn warning to both young and old.
'Tis scenes like this that shake the confidence
Of youth, and health; death with an iron-hand
Impresses vanity on all below.
Weep, weep, ye friends, let nature have free course,
Embalm her precious ashes with your tears.
But, sure there is a sweetness in your woe;
You cannot know the bitterness of grief;
For you have reason to believe her death
Was but a prelude to a higher life,
An introduction to consummate bliss.
Ye mourning parents, contemplate your child

In a safe harbour plac'd, beyond the reach
Of sin's contagion, or of sorrow's pang;
In that salubrious clime where virtue thrives,
Where nought impure shall e'er an entrance find;
Crown'd with immortal youth's unfading bloom;
In full fruition of redeeming love.
Faith without works is like a sapless tree;
But works, depended on, will nought avail.
Her's was a fruitful faith which wrought by love,
Its vital principle, whose influence spread
Through all her practice in a copious stream.
O she was meek and humble, truly kind,
Still happy in diffusing happiness.
She never met you with a hollow smile,
Nor spoke a language foreign to her heart.
I see her now, she rises to my view
Just with the same benignity of look,
That smile of mingled kindness and regret
She wore at parting with her much-lov'd mate.
How tender was the separating scene!
But pleasing hope suppress'd the starting tear,
Held up a false perspective to their view,
Pointing to future scenes of promis'd joy;
Days, months, and years in an harmonious round
Pass in rotation 'fore the mental eye,

Replete with every blessing well-pair'd minds
Find in a constant scene of mutual love;
An unreserved interchange of thought;
One common interest and one common faith;
The union form'd in youth drawn close by time,
Cemented by the strong parental tie;
Strengthen'd by duties hitherto unknown.
Ah! what a mournful change! Her early fate
Has brought these prospects to a final close!
No dear memento of their union left;
The grave receives the mother and the son!
What cruel pangs must rend the lover's heart,
When the sad tidings break upon his ear!
For her dear sake he cultivates the wild,
Improves the prospect and exerts his skill
To beautify their habitation;——
Still wisely blending use with ornament,
As emblematic of her well-turn'd mind,
And undepraved taste to nature true.
Perhaps e'en now, unconscious of his loss,
He waits the summons to attend her home.
In vain he waits, in vain he fondly sighs,
For the dear object of his fond regard;
To share with him the fragrance of the spring
She comes no more! The solitary seat

Takes a dark tincture from the master's mind.
Death, in derision of the best-laid plans
Of human bliss, dissolves the pleasing dream:
A dream, indeed, if this vain world were all.
But the strong eye of faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils the world of spirits from our view,
That happy region, where celestial forms
Bask in the rays of uncreated light
Of Godhead, beaming through the spotless lamb.
His blessed presence there illumes and fills
With such a sense of God's unfathom'd love,
His undeserved mercy, sov'reign grace,
As passes all conception here below.
There separated friends again unite;
Or rather there's th' indissoluble tie,
Since the triumphant church and militant
Are knit, and form one great harmonious whole.

A Soliloquy.

IS fancy dead? Has she forgot her flights?
Is the muse tuneless? Will she mount no more,
And raise my soul on sweet poetic wings?
Has she forgot her notes? It must not be;—
These notes were wont to sooth my soul to peace,
When sunk in anguish, and oppress'd with grief.
Grief, did I say? Do I complain of grief?
My life how short! that life how pleasant too,
Compar'd with multitudes who sadly pine
From year to year, poor, helpless and forlorn!
Without the tribute of one pitying tear!
Pity them, heav'n, and fix their hopes on thee!
Do I complain of grief? No; rather let
My grateful heart ascend in songs of praise,
To nature's ~~author~~ and preserver too;
To Him whose bounty liberally supplies
The wants of all his creatures, and to each
With care paternal gives what suits them best;
Still ordering all things for the general good.
Thou gracious source of happiness and life!
Fountain of every blessing! 'tis from thee

The various streams of pleasure take their rise,
Which flow diffusing health and gladness round
Through all creation's channels——
O ! condescending goodness, love immense !
Behold ! the meanest insect, moth or fly,
This earth sustains, is not forgot by thee,
Tho' trode upon and crumbled into dust,
By man, proud man, his brother of the clay.
What did I say ? A worm, a moth, a fly ?
And what am I ? What my original
But such as their's ? We all from nothing came.
And it is owing to distinguish'd grace,
I stand erected thus, and thus assay,
In strains harmonious, my Creator's praise;
And thank the glorious giver for his gifts.
And I will thank thee; yes, I will rejoice
In all the kind effusions of thy love;
For all conspire to raise the grateful soul
To gratitude's best office;——————
Acting in sweet accordance with thy will,
But conscious of my weakness, O my God !
In thee I trust, to thee I look for aid,
To execute the good resolves I make:
For thou alone art inexhaustible;
Thy magazines of strength are never drain'd;

Though still communicating, ever full.
Thou infinite! O! when I think on thee,
The great idea swells my little soul!
Ye angel-bands! ye ministers of light!
Ye who drink deep at the celestial spring,
Inhaling wisdom as we breathe the air!
Say, can your most enlarg'd capacities
Take in his vast idea?——————
Can you comprehend th' incomprehensible,
And tell us what it is *to be a God*?
No: that is more than finite nature can.
To us his nature is thus far reveal'd;——
We know none ever trusted him in vain.
Then keep me, Lord, be thou my sure defence,
Secure me in the hollow of thy hand,
And make me not an outcast from thy love;
For JESUS' sake,—He who on Calv'ry bled,
A spotless victim altogether pure,
The great atoning sacrifice for sin.
And did he bleed? O! what transcendant love!
What matchless goodness! Did the Prince of Peace,
The king of glory, He who form'd us first
In happy state of innocence and bliss,

Become the victim of our hapless fall,
And die, to give his ruin'd creatures life!

O! could the muses touch the highest string,
And to thy praise in lofty numbers sing;
If I could catch the glowing seraph's fire,
And more than mortal eloquence acquire,
Still would thy goodness far transcend my praise:
But thou wilt not disdain the feeble lays,
The weak effusions of that spark of love,
Which thou hast kindled, which thou canst improve.
O! blow the smoaking flax into a flame,
Aspiring to the source from whence it came!

The Redeemer's Glory.

What can the muse a richer theme afford
Than the mysterious person of our Lord?
But let her here with reverence enquire,
And dread approaching with unhallow'd fire
Him that doth in his double name comprise
Both the true Altar and the Sacrifice.

As God he could not suffer loss or pains,
Yet God to wear the human nature deigns:
And in such intimate relation stood,
As gives infinite value to his blood.
The influence of thy spirit, Lord, impart;
Raise my conceptions, and enlarge my heart:
Light, heat, and strength unto my soul afford,
From the exhaustless treasures of thy word.
A subject so extensive and sublime
Calls our attention to the birth of time;
Before the planetary worlds were known,
Or Angels bow'd before the eternal throne;
He who is in and of himself complete,
The glorious point where all perfections meet;
Who, from a past eternity, has known
Unbounded being in himself alone;
In whose all comprehensive mind the plan
Of systems and their habitants began:
At his command, omnipotent and wise,
Unnumber'd worlds in beauteous order rise:
Systems in systems round their centre roll:
He builds, preserves, and animates the whole.
From him all thinking beings take their rise,
However, potent, bountiful, or wise:

From him at first we came, to him we go;
From him our lives and all our comforts flow:
No vail from his omniscience can conceal:
He knows whate'er we speak, or act, or feel:
'Tis he who is and was, and is to come;
Of all perfection the Eternal Sum:
The glorious founder of salvation's plan,
Its great accomplisher as God and man.
O! I am lost! can I this theme explore!
I cannot comprehend, but must adore!
How vast the treasure of that golden mine,
Where lies all riches human and divine!
Our blessed Lord in dignity excels;
In him "the fulness of the Godhead dwells."
The highest worship he may justly claim,
Who wears the everlasting Father's name;
In essence and prerogative the same.
As God, he shines not with reflected rays,
His human nature sheds abroad the blaze
Of his divinity; thus God is known;
In Chirst the brightness of his glory shown.
Through this bless'd medium, life and truth are giv'n;
This is the way, the certain way to heav'n.

Alas! there's no perfection here below;
E'en virtues in excess to vices grow.
No human merit paves the way to heaven;
The best of men have much to be forgiven.
But he was spar'd his error to deplore;
He own'd his folly, what could man do more?
Yet with one failing in so great a mind,
Alas! how many evils are combin'd!
His talents were so various and so great,
His death's a serious evil to the state.
Political debate my muse disclaims,
I know no party, nor no party names;
What's right or wrong I don't pretend to tell,
But from my heart I wish my country well:
Yet this I know, a spirit so diffuse,
So rais'd 'bove selfishness or partial views,
A strong capacious scrutinizing mind,
With strict integrity of heart combin'd,
Must be a jewel worthy more renown
Than that which dropp'd from Scotia's fated crown.
Ah! fatal moment, inauspicious day,
When such a precious life was thrown away!
In his profession too, surpass'd by none,
His talents and his virtues jointly shone.

The plain and lucid path of truth he chose;
His eloquence from solid reason flows:
Scorning to cultivate the sophist's art,
He look'd, he spoke, he acted, from the heart.
He studied well the spirit of the laws;
While some perplex a clear, he clears the darkest cause.
Justness in dealing ever must appear
The brighest ornament in any sphere.
But where the trial's great, the man must rise
To overcome it, 'bove the common size.
Inflexible integrity must draw
A glorious circle round the man of law.
HAMILTON'S care his contracts to fulfil
Is legibly impressed on his *will*.
Firmness and intrepidity of soul
Among the heroes must his name enrol.
The friend of WASHINGTON, illustrious name!
A sharer in his dangers and his fame:
Like him intended as a polar-star,
To give direction both in peace and war.
Where is the man, who rising in his stead,
Shall prove the seeds of valour are not dead?
In this one word I purpose to comprise
Talents to execute and to devise;

Since the beginning the true light has shin'd;
But what avails the light, when men are blind?
But as thy gifts are perfect, as they're free,
Open our eyes, O Lord, that we may see.
Blest were their eyes who saw the genial ray,
The first faint dawning of the gospel-day.
In these sweet words that vital beam was shed,
'The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head.'
These words the first believers' faith sustain'd.
But could they fathom all these words contain'd?
May not this sentence still embosom more
Than we for endless ages can explore?
Who counts the treasures in the gospel field?
Who knows what fruit the tree of life may yield?
Who comprehends our blessed Lord, as man?
Then who can his infinite nature scan?
Lord, on our hearts thy beauteous features trace:
Let us reflect thy image, grace for grace.
Yet still we must infinite distance feel:
What's the impression to the golden seal!

In memory of the late General Hamilton, who fell in a duel with Aaron Burr.

WHY was the savage custom not restrain'd,
Before our country's choicest blood was drain'd?
Did not the veins of Hamilton supply,
For the unconscious earth, too rich a dye?
Ah! wherefore did he bleed in such a cause?
Here every thinking mind must make a pause!
What pity that a genius so sublime,
Should be abus'd by sanctioning a crime!
But who can paint the delicate deceit,
That warp'd a mind so gen'rous and so great?
With arguments more plausible than fair,
The subtil tempter gilds the fatal snare.
She says, "You must your influence resign,
"Or offer incense at my bloody shrine."
Sound principles to false opinions bend,
Or hopes of future usefulness must end.
Retrograde reasoning this, of which the sum
Is, "Let's do evil, haply good may come."

Whatever briliant qualities must meet,
To make the military chief complete.
Think not I love to view the hero's scar;
I shrink with horror at the thought of war.
War springs from the depravity of man,
'Tis duelling upon a larger plan.
Let wild ambition, or let av'rice guide
Th' infuriate sons of violence and pride,
To blood and carnage; the true hero stands
Wise in his counsels, just in his demands:
The steady vigor of his upright soul,
Brings rude invaders under due controul;
Bids scenes of terror and destruction cease:
Thus proper courage settles lasting peace.
Thine was, O HAMILTON! a glorious work,
Great thy achievements in the field of York.
A bloodless conquest! Mercy stoop'd and smil'd
To see the fiend of war so nicely foil'd.
Benev'lent spirits hover in the air;
The fiend and black attendants disappear.
But the grim presence darkens all around,
Where the great chief lies prostrate on the ground!
Yet mercy still prevails, her lenient hand
Brightens the scene, while the infernal band

Again are foil'd; for time is kindly given,
And spent, we trust, in making peace with heaven.
But, O my country! who can cease to mourn,
To see thy choicest pillars rudely torn
From 'neath thy pond'rous weight? To heaven we call,
To fill those breaches and prevent thy fall.
From this same stock may future patriots rise,
Statesmen and heroes in these orphan boys.
Yet still this recent loss we must deplore!
Thy pride, thy boast, thy HAMILTON's no more!
What his bereaved family sustain,
His finish'd character can best explain.
See! four sweet boys in sable vestments clad,
With four fair girls by their pale mother led,
Move heavily the dull domestic round!
No more they hear that animating sound,
The husband's, father's voice! A silent gloom
Clouds every object, darkens every room.
This is no solemn mockery of woe;
There lies a grief within which passes show.
To heaven she bows with reverence profound;
While fancy still presents his ghastly wound,
She too is wounded in the tenderest part,
The fatal bullet rankles at her heart.

O that he had his principles maintain'd,
And the reproach of honour's fools disdain'd!
And was a man so much, so justly priz'd,
To a delusive phantom sacrific'd?
Rouse, rouse Columbia! ev'ry power combine,
Pull down the idol and destroy her shrine:
Expose th' impostor, break the cruel snare;
By proving real honour ne'er was there.
'Tis time such gross idolatry should cease,
Such daring insults to the God of Peace.

REFLECTIONS.

TIR'D of the world, and all its vain parade,
I seek for shelter in the friendly shade:
The world's gay visionary scenes may please,
And yield amusement, to a mind at ease;
But they're ill suited to a heart like mine;
A heart that would its hopes and fears resign;
Break loose from earth, cut thro' the various ties,
That bind the soul to these uncertain joys.

For I have prov'd and I have found them vain;
The fruitful source of many a bitter pain;
As vain as shadows which delude the sight;
As transient as the visions of the night.
But here a cheering thought must intervene:
Without a substance, there's no shadow seen:
To gain that substance be my future care,
Nor longer vainly grasp at empty air.
Ye unsubstantial vanities, adieu!
For ever, now, I turn my eyes from you.
Celestial happiness, be thou my aim.
But how shall I attain the precious gem?
How shall this sinking soul ascend the skies?
Or how secure the bright immortal prize?
Oh! slave of folly, vanity and sin!
What an unweeded garden lies within!
And dar'st thou, then, without some potent cure,
Approach a God, so pow'rful, and so pure?
Much of a Mediator I have heard;
And in his name my suit have oft prefer'd;
But have I ever been divinely taught
To seek this free salvation, as I ought?

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. H——N.

ALAS! how transient every earthly good!
How soon dissolv'd the nearest ties of blood!
Already is your sweet Maria gone,
Already landed on a coast unknown:
To us unknown; but she can now explore
What only faith could realize before.
The conflict now is o'er—her race is run;
To her a long eternity's begun:
Thro' Christ, I trust, she has the victory won,
O'er sin and death: then the cold grave must prove
An easy bed, all curtain'd round with love.
Still, it is hard to part with one so near,
With the sweet object of maternal care.
Beneath your eye the beauteous virgin grew,
And from your breast her early sust'nance drew.
Nor doth her sire a tie less binding feel:
The manly tear he labours to conceal,
Which from his eyes the parting struggle drew;
He needs the kind support he offers you.

See! by her bed a mournful group appears,
Speechless with grief, and all dissolv'd in tears!
Let this sad scene impress the solemn truth,
'Tis vain to trust to beauty or to youth.
These tears need not be shed, if these could save
The privileg'd possessor from the grave.
A better life let's labour to secure,
And make our "calling and election sure."
Oh! happy they, who, in their early prime,
Are fully ripen'd for a higher clime;
Who leave this world, and all its tempting snares,
Its short-liv'd pleasures, and its hurrying cares.
Soon as the fleshly clog is left behind,
Th' enfranchis'd spirit rises unconfin'd
To the eternal source, from whence it sprung:
For such a glorious change there's none too young.
Oh! my sweet cousin, it is thine to trace
The height and depth, and breadth, of saving grace.
'Tis ours to mourn; but thine, in sweet amaze,
To join with angels in their songs of praise;
To grateful love, thro' free salvation's plan,
To feel a stronger tie than angels can.

To Mr. H——d.

ACCEPT these sympathetic lines, from one
Who feels your grief, and shares in every groan;
Who sees your sorrow preying on your heart,
And pitying feels the tender husband's smart.
Of his soul's treasure robb'd; the partner dear
Who shar'd his every hope, his every fear;
Fitted to smooth the rugged path of life;
The fondest mother, and the tend'rest wife.
Each modest virtue triumph'd in her mind;
Expressive meekness on her aspect shin'd.
Then cease to weep, Oh! dry that piteous tear!
Thy sainted wife now fills a higher sphere.
We've cause to hope, she now is bless'd above,
In full fruition of redeeming love.

O gracious Father! listen to my prayer;
Look from thy heaven—in pity deign to hear!
See! Hammond's daughter struggling for her life,
The dear resemblance of a much lov'd wife!

Bound to the heart by various tender ties,
The source and centre of his earthly joys ;
Bound by affliction : Oh ! mysterious heaven,
Why was this pledge of fond affection given !
If death so soon must strike the fatal blow :
Oh ! grief of griefs ! Oh ! woe surpassing woe !—
'Tis past—our hopes and fears are at an end :
The daughter of my fair departed friend,
The sweetest babe—Oh ! what resistless grace
Shone in her eyes, and blossom'd in her face !
She look'd, as born to sooth the brow of care,
To stop the sigh, and kiss away the tear ;
The anguish of a father to assuage,
And be a comfort to her grand-dam's age :
But now, alas ! the pleasing prospect ends !
Yet heaven perhaps a greater good intends.
May-hap, this blow—this heart-felt blow, is given,
To wean from earth and fit the soul for heaven.

COMPOSED BY THE AUTHORESS ON PASSING BY THE PLACE OF HER NATIVITY.

YE antient shades, whose cool retreats,
Have screen'd me from the mid-day heats;
Where I've enjoy'd the balmy breeze,
And mark'd the growth of rising trees;
(Co-eval plants with me they grew)
Adieu, ye early friends, adieu!
Ye flowery meads, and sunny hills—
The broader stream and lesser rills,
Whose banks my footsteps oft have press'd,
While the sweet muse inspir'd my breast,—
Farewell to every native sweet!
Each pleasant walk, and mossy seat!
But memory still shall hold you dear;
And fancy fondly wander here.
Here rural groups were often seen
In social parties trip the green;
Or seek the fountain's grassy side,
To view its silver current glide;

There the fond lover told his tale,
Mixing with sighs the passing gale;
While, in her breast, the tender maid
Records his looks and all he said.
Yon meadow cloath'd in vernal bloom,
That scents the air with sweet perfume,
Brings to my mind the sultry day;
The rake, the hay-fork, and the hay.
When wearied I have ta'en my ease,
Reclin'd beneath yon spreading trees;
Or sought a shelter from the rain,
Then rose, and ply'd my work again.
In yonder hedge obscur'd from view,
The luscious berry wildly grew;
Mix'd with sweet flowers, that deck'd the waste;
Regaling both the sight and taste.
Ah! happy scenes of early days,
Of infant smiles, and childish plays!
My father's house, my mother's lands—
Those fields were cultur'd by his hands;
That house his presence once adorn'd;
And there his heavy loss I mourn'd.
There the young muses spread their wings,
And soar'd above terrestrial things;

'Twas there they made their first essays,
To warble the Creator's praise;
And strove, but oh, how vainly strove!
To paint the wonders of his love;
The name of Jesus to rehearse,
That sweetest sound, in prose or verse.

To Junius, with Young's Night Thoughts.

THRICE have I read this precious volume o'er,
Still gathering wisdom from the heavenly lore.
The best instruction's in these pages given;
They lead the soul to piety and heaven.
Delightful book! with every beauty fraught!
Justness of judgment, energy of thought,
Breathe through each line, with such devotion fir'd,
As speaks a muse by heaven itself inspir'd.
Here sorrow is so movingly express'd,
Pity and admiration fill the breast:
We love a woe so tender and refin'd,
Which thus exalts, and purifies the mind.

But while the muses mournfully complain,
And all the soul is sunk in tender pain,
The CONSOLATION beams a ray divine;
The clouds disperse and heavenly beauties shine;
The soul is wrapt in wonder and delight;
We grow enamour'd with the face of night;
We trace the glowing poet through the skies,
And strive to catch his spirit as he flies.

ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

OFT times I leave the busy throng,
Some hours with thee to spend;
And fanci'd converse oft prolong,
With a far distant friend.

No common words employ my breath,
When I converse with thee;
We talk of time, of life, and death,
And immortality.

My soul, your active soul to trace,
Could leave this frame behind;
And wander to a distant place,
To seek a kindred mind.

Say, must I seek among the stars,
  Those glorious worlds above?
Say, are you lifted to the spheres,
  On wings of heavenly love?

In vain I strive to reach the height
  Of your superior mind;
You vanish from my aching sight,
  And leave me far behind.

If you by faith have strength to rise
  To the divine abode;
Oh! bring us tidings from the skies,
  And point the heavenly road.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. W. W—.

HERE is no cause for agonizing tears;
Sweet comfort mingles with the drops that flow:
  Long has he bended 'neath a load of years;
Long has he sigh'd for human guilt and woe:
  To see mankind reduc'd to such a pass,
Unheeding sabbaths, sermons, prayer, and praise,
  Drew from his bosom many a sad alas!
And much embitter'd his declining days.

To mark the prevalance of unbelief,
That baleful spawn of ignorance and pride,
Oft deeply touch'd his feeling heart with grief,
To hear his God dishonor'd and denied.
In thee, East Pennsbro', I receiv'd my birth;
For thee I still a filial fondness feel;
Oh! may the sov'reign Lord of heav'n and earth
Renew thy beauties, thy "backslidings heal!"
Now antient christians sleep beneath the sod;
O Lord renew their spirit in their race;
Teach them to know and serve their fathers' God;
Teach them in thee their confidence to place.
Now dire diseases rage throughout the land;
Friend after friend we follow to the grave!
Teach us the warning voice to understand,
And own thee mighty to destroy or save.
But now, O muse, returning to thy theme,
Speak of the virtues which adorn'd his breast:
But can the muse describe the sacred flame
Which that deserted tenement possess'd!
A warm benev'lence, which no age could freeze,
Glow'd in his soul, and shall forever glow;
Sin to his view appear'd the worst disease,
The woe of woes, vile sourse of every woe.

Long had he prov'd the matrimonial state,
Still happy with the partner of his youth;
Bless'd with a fellow-christian, in his mate,
A fellow-witness for the God of truth.
The children of his children now arise,
Blessing with filial gratitude his name.
And well they may so good a father prize;
On all his race he has the tenderest claim.
May not he now his much-lov'd* daughter meet;
Tho' far divided lie the kindred clay?
May not their sainted spirits kindly greet,
In the bright morning of an endless day?

* Mrs. Reed.

To Mrs. M——.

I see your sorrow—I behold, in vain
You try your bitter anguish to restrain.
Amiable mourner I your grief revere;
I'd gladly wipe, but cannot blame the tear:
It steals unbidden from a mother's eye,
Which us'd to glisten with maternal joy;

When the sweet babe you held within your arms,
And gaz'd, with rapture, on his op'ning charms.
But think, my friend, tho' of one joy bereft,
What a resource of comfort still is left.
You still are with a worthy husband bless'd;
You still can lean on his supporting breast,
Open your sorrows, tell him all your mind,
And in his converse consolation find.
A sweet reward, a surer prop is given:
Lean, lean, my friend, on all-supporting heaven.
Children may die, a husband may expire,
Ev'n earth itself shall be consum'd by fire:
On uncreated excellence depend;
And make thyself a sure eternal friend.

To Phebe.

IN fancy I have sought thee in the shade,
And wander'd with thee o'er the sunny glade;
With thee I on a mossy bank recline,
And mix my notes, my very soul with thine.

Shall I the feelings of my heart repress?
Or can you pardon this abrupt address?
My offer'd love I know you'll not refuse:
To me you wear the aspect of a muse;
Yet the sweet cadence of your flowing lines
The blameless tenor of your life out-shines.
'Tis the report of this my bosom warms;
'Tis this gives worth to intellectual charms.
Demons are dark, tho' with great powers endow'd;
But Angels shine, for they're both wise and good.
Must tedious rules our commerce regulate?
Must I a formal introduction wait?
Life is but short, the rapid moments fly
In swift succession; we but breathe and die.
A generous friendship scarce has time to warm
The human heart, till death dissolves the charm.
But there are fields of light, ethereal plains,
Where boundless joy, where endless pleasure reigns:
Where the free soul extends its various powers,
To greater heights, than mortal fancy soars:
Where heavenly minds the sweetest concord know,
And heights of friendship unconceiv'd below:

While some perhaps their endless union date,
In the dim morning of this embryo state.
Oh! May we meet upon those happy plains!
And there unite in never ceasing strains.

To Alvira.

FRIEND of my soul, thou nearest to my heart,
Part of myself—almost my dearest part;
What can I write? what language can I use?
To soften grief, or one sweet smile diffuse,
On that dear face, where melancholy's gloom,
Has cropt the roses in their vernal bloom?
I see, I feel, I count thy numerous wrongs,
Thou hapless victim of malicious tongues:
Not virgin innocence secures thy fame;
Tho' unprotected youth might some indulgence claim.
Look up, my friend, to heaven direct thine eyes;
A brighter prospect opens in the skies!
Secure a place in that divine abode,
And tread the path our blessed Saviour trode.

Patient in suffering, ready to forgive,
Resign'd to heaven, in meek complacence live;
And look to God for those divine supplies
Of comfort, which an envious world denies.
Trust not to man in all his flower and pride;
Tho' truth and honour in his breast reside:
His breath is in his nostrils; now he's thine;
And now perhaps thou must to death resign
Him who so lately all thy soul possess'd,
And took the place of God within thy breast.
Oh! Junius, noble, generous, and sincere,
At thought of thee I can't restrain the tear!
To think how many circumstances join,
To rend a heart so great and good as thine;
A heart that's fraught with duty to thy sire,
Warm'd by love's gentlest and most fervent fire:
Love, duty, interest, hold continual strife;
It bleeds to wound the parent, or the wife.
What but religion's soul-sustaining power,
Could comfort thee in this distressful hour!
But thou hast felt its influence, thou hast known
A present God, and claim'd him for thy own.
Be stedfast still, thy constancy maintain;
Thus thou advis'dst, and I return again

The same advice; 'tis friendship's best employ,
T' encourage in the way to endless joy.
And thou, Alvira, partner of his life,
His earthly treasure, his elected wife,
From the same source thy consolation bring;
Drink deeply at the same eternal spring;
In his best pursuits with thy Junius join,
And make his noblest entertainment thine.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. S. M——.

WHILE true benevolence has power to raise
Grateful emotions in the human mind;
How many hearts must vibrate at her praise,
Who knew, by sweet experience, she was kind!

Unto the poor the muses may appeal,
Who in her substance did so largely share;
Her kind attentions these must ever feel,
Must own her bounty, and her tender care:

Their nurse in sickness, and in doubts their guide,
In all extremities a certain friend;
For unrestrain'd by indolence or pride,
To rich and poor her goodness did extend.
Her time, her health, her talents, were employ'd
In active services to human kind.
She's gone, alas! and what a dreary void,
A mournful vacuum, has she left behind!
But, through the bounty of indulgent heaven,
Her spirit is transfus'd into her race;
To whom a more enlarged sphere is given;
A larger heart no frame did e'er embrace.

On the death of Mrs. S. T——.

'TIS the sigh of parting nature:
Gently she resigns her breath!
How compos'd is every feature,
Placed in the arms of death!

Now the mourner is released
From a world of sin and woes,
Where her tender heart was pierced
By many deep and bitter throes.

Fair and cloudless rose her morning;
Love and joy their influence spread;
But her noon was spent in mourning
O'er the dying and the dead.

First she wept a separation
From her kind and faithful mate;
But derived consolation,
In her lonely widow'd state,

From the duty and affection
Of a fair and virtuous race:
To give their minds a right direction,
And improve each native grace,

Furnish'd laudable employment
To engage the passing hours:
'Twas both duty and enjoyment
To draw forth their latent powers.

Now she sees them flourish round her,
Lovely, innocent, and gay;
Think what cruel pangs must wound her
To behold their breathless clay!

In the space of five short years
'Twas her lot to bury four:
Scarcely had she dri'd her tears,
Till DEATH demands one victim more!

Hard's the heart that is not moved
For a mother so bereft,
Of seven daughters dearly loved
Two, alas! is all that's left!

In despair she never raved,
Nor let her grief to wildness run—
Of my children I'm bereaved
Let our Father's will be done;

Seem'd to be the silent language
Of her exercised soul:
Struggling to suppress her anguish,
Down her cheek the tear did roll.

Oh! how short's this mortal story!
Soon the longest life must close.
Lo, the brightest human glory
Disappears like melting snows!

Yet this fugitive existence
Can engross the human mind:
O! what fatal inconsistence
Both to see and to be blind!

Now we see some fellow-creature
Trembling on the fatal brink;
The last pangs of struggling nature
Forces thoughtlessness to think.

But too oft these good impressions
Passing trifles quick efface;
While with multiplied transgressions
We fill up the little space,

'Twixt the present and that hour
When we too must meet the foe.
Oh! may Christ disarm his power
And his malice overthrow!

He's the source of every blessing;
Saves from sin as well as wrath;
Conquering sin, and grace increasing,
Draws the poisonous sting from death.

God, our Helper.

MY soul, no longer cleave to dust,
But raise thy drooping wing;
In thy Creator place thy trust,
To him thy sorrows bring.

Can reasoning heal the wounded mind!
Alas! it puzzles more;
But God the broken heart can bind,
And ruin'd peace restore.

'Tis he, can teach thee thy disease,
And best prescribe a cure;
He sets the labouring soul at ease;
And makes the vitals pure.

No more, my rebel heart, withstand
All that is great and good:
Has he not form'd thee with his hand,
And bought thee with his blood?

Be still, my beating heart, be still;
Let thy affections flow;
And govern'd by his sovereign will,
On God thy love bestow.

AMANDA.

WHAT mournful sound assails the ear!
It melts my soul—what do I hear!
Amanda's fate, Amanda's doom,
Her early summons to the tomb!

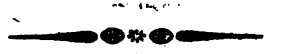
Morning saw the fair one rise,
Warm with life; her beauteous eyes
Shed their beams, yet all the while,
Death lay ambush'd in a smile.

Soon she joins the youthful train,
Sweetly swells the vocal strain;
On musick's wings their praises rise,
A grateful offering to the skies;

But ah! how sad a change appears!
A deadly shriek assails their ears;
A heartfelt groan, a piercing cry;——
Amanda! stop, you must not die!

See, the colour leaves her face;
Life's fled away, with every grace;
That lovely form, which charm'd our eyes,
Cold and inanimate now lies!

See the virgins speechless stand;
See her friend with trembling hand
Close in death those radiant eyes:
Unwarn'd, alas! Amanda dies!



To Maria M——.

WHERE are you gone, my dear Maria, where?
In distant lands you breathe a different air.
But, in the steady tenor of your mind,
Unchang'd in love, unalterably kind,
You say, nor length of time, nor change of place,
Shall the idea from your mind erase,
Of the sweet social hours, whose loss we mourn;
Blest hours, that never, never, must return.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF CONODOGUINET.

WHILE, underneath this salutary shade,
My hands perform their duty, O, my mind,
Be not inactive; let it not be said,
A spark from heav'n, to sloth should be inclin'd!

Remember thy illustrious descent;
And who first kindled this immortal flame:
Thus upwards ever should thy thoughts be bent,
Toward the eternal source from whence you came.

These hands with soap and water strive to clear
Those outward robes from each polluting stain;
Sure, then, the soul demands superior care;
Shall it unwash'd, unpurified, remain!

For it a fount is op'd, whose crimson stream
Effects this glorious, this important end;
To this with speed apply, nor vainly dream
Of other aid: on this you may depend.

On the death of my Father's Sisters, who died within one week of each other: in two parts.

Part First.

WHILE shallow riv'lets bubble as they flow,
The deeper stream glides silently along;
'Twas thus through life, avoiding outward show,
She pass'd, unnoticed by the busy throng;
But valued much by the discerning few,
Who knew, and could appreciate her worth.
Strong were her intellects, her heart was true;
But all these gifts were shaded while on earth:
Through life she labor'd under such restraint,
She neither look'd nor spoke up to her mind;
But when the hidden fountain found a vent,
Her converse was both solid and refin'd.
In all the trials of this changeful life,
Her patience was invariably strong;
For had her mind been tost with jarring strife,
Her fragile frame had hardly stood so long.

But now relieved from its house of clay,
Her soul, I trust, finds room to exercise;
And mounting upwards to the realms of day,
Assumes its proper figure, shape, and size.

PART SECOND.

OH! give a broader channel to our tears!
Now fond regret is mix'd with anxious fears;
One sister rising on the wings of day,
The other's spirit strives to get away
From its poor shatter'd tenement, which wears
Indubitable marks of age and cares:
Well-order'd cares; for in a widow'd state,
Her faithful heart ne'er sought a second mate;
But on her children fix'd its fond regard,
And in their duty found a sweet reward.
She, for the space of more than thirty years,
In this endearing character appears:
Now full of days, surrounded by her friends
And weeping offspring, her last conflict ends.

To my Sister.

WHATEVER could in infancy engage,
Or promise comfort from her riper age,
Was sweetly blended in the form and mind
Of her you lately to the grave consign'd:
Gay as the birds, which hop from bough to bough;
Lovely and innocent, as aught below.
How just and clear her first ideas rise!
Ev'n strangers mark her with a fond surprise:
Docile, as young, but wise above her years,
She for a moment shines, and disappears.
With gratitude thy maker's bounty trace;
A new Maria fills the vacant place:
May this sweet babe renew thy wither'd joy,
And with her sister in her temper vie.
In her young mind the seeds of knowledge sow;
Whate'er is good let her be taught to know;
Knowledge of evil of itself will grow.
Our general mother this too dearly bought;
In this, alas! we're all too fully taught!

Oh! precious babe, for thee my bosom warms
With pleasing hopes, and beats with fond alarms!
May God himself instruct thee, how to choose,
To love the good, the evil to refuse:
Preserve thee, till thy earthly trial's past,
And bring thee safely to himself at last.
Hail! highly-honour'd! for to thee is given
To train up children for the King of heaven.
Yet know thy post is dangerous—thus it stands:
Lost through neglect—then surely at thy hands
Their blood shall be requir'd—an awful thought!
'Tis strange that this should ever be forgot;
'Tis strange, so many should unfaithful prove,
Impell'd at once by fear, and drawn by love.
Some tender mothers, that their girls may charm,
In zeal to polish quite forget to form:
The very toyman can't proceed so fast;
His mimic fair receive their varnish last:
But these, enamour'd of external grace,
Give it the first, the last, the middle place;
They vainly decorate an empty case,
Or worse than empty; for the busy mind,
Or bad, or good, must some materials find
To fill imagination, memory, thought:
And can a child select them as it ought?

Who would not shudder, were he to be told,
A child was dead with hunger, or with cold;
Or swallowing poison with its deadly fare,
Or heedlessly expos'd to tainted air,
Not through necessity, but want of care?
Nor should those parents be esteem'd more kind,
Who nurse the body, but neglect the mind.
The mind requires, it hungers after food:
What's light puffs up, it can't digest the crude,
But thrives on what is nourishing and good.
Some think they have their duty well fulfill'd,
When a high sense of honour is instill'd;
The world's opinions highly this regard;
And, well reputed, they have their reward:
This may be right in an inferior sense;
With this, perhaps, 'twere dangerous to dispense.
But there are nobler motives not a few,
And found, in fact, more efficacious too:
Virtue's best guardian, far the strongest fence
To bar out vice, is an abiding sense
Of lying open to th' omniscient eye,
Of him, who can't behold iniquity;
Who, as it were, the very soul dissects,
And every lurking vanity detects;

Who the extensive universe commands,
And holds our fates in his eternal hands;
Whose bleeding mercy has found out a plan
To save and quicken lost, degenerate man;
To raise him from the sink, to purify,
And kindly make him capable of joy;
But ne'er dissolv'd, nor will, for any price,
Dissolve the tie 'twixt misery and vice.
Hence let her reason—justly, hence conclude,
If I'd be happy I must first be good;
God still beholds whate'er I say or do;
My inmost thoughts are open to his view:
Him let me please, tho' others I offend,
And make his glory still my highest end.

Inscribed to my Brothers.

ONCE more I'll try the oft attempted theme,
And breathe in verse my honour'd father's name.
When o'er his lifeless corpse my bosom bled,
And sense and reason both pronounc'd him dead;

Still, still I felt so close, so dear a tie,
On him it seem'd so natural to rely,
I knew not how to think so good a man should die.
When in the grave his dear remains were laid,
And the last rites, and funeral honours paid;
No language can describe the pangs I bore;
I wept, and wept, till I could weep no more.
To me the little tenement he left
Seem'd like a body of the soul bereft.
The trees had then their leafy honours shed,
And seem'd to mourn their late possessor dead.
The muse was wont to come to my relief,
And sooth my soul in every *little* grief;
But now I strove, and always strove in vain,
To range my thoughts in a poetic strain:
My swelling heart refus'd the muse's aid;
Ideas teem'd, but nothing could be said.
But now my father's mem'ry pleasure brings;
I'd rather be his daughter, than a king's.
If this be pride, may it his sons inspire;
Oh! may they learn to emulate their sire!
But of that sire, alas! they little knew,
And from his lips but small instruction drew.
'Tis God alone can such a loss supply;
That God in whom we live, and at whose call we die.

Could I the outlines of his features trace,
And give you but a shadow of his face;
Methinks, 'twould kindle in your hearts a flame;
You'd strive to wear his virtues, with his name.
Those virtues were not of the dazzling kind;
But deep and solid as the golden mine:
His dress was simple, and his manners plain;
Frugal, without a sordid love of gain;
Unalterably just, but not severe;
His temper steady, and his judgment clear;
With courage still th' oppressed to defend,
He always prov'd himself the poor man's friend.
According to this rule I saw him live;
His left-hand knew not what his right-hand gave.
He never deem'd it courage to blaspheme,
Nor madly sport with the Eternal name;
But to his maker daily homage paid,
With decent rev'rence, and without parade.
His genius——but I must myself command,
Nor speak of what I do not understand:
But well I know, the sciences he lov'd,
And many a youth his lessons have improv'd.
He in his fam'ly had the happy art,
Without constraint, to reign in every heart.

His wife and children on his will could rest,
And thought whate'er he did or said was best.
His modest merit general notice drew;
His friends were num'rous and his foes were few.
Such was your father, strive to be the same;
Copy his virtues, and deserve his name.

MELANCHOLY INSTANCE OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

UPON the bank of a slow-winding flood
The good Alphonso's modest mansion stood;
A man he was throughout the country known,
Of sterling sense, to social converse prone:
He walk'd the plains with such majestic grace,
When time had drawn its furrows on his face,
'Twas easy to infer his youthful charms,
When first the fair Maria bless'd his arms:
Maria—Oh! what mix'd emotions rise,
Grief, pity, indignation, and surprise,
At thought of thee!——————

Thy sweetness might have mov'd the harshest mind;
Thy kindness taught th' ungentlest to be kind;
And yet a fiend enshrin'd in female mould
Could thy heart-rending agonies behold;
When by her cruel wiles thy wedded heart
Was basely sever'd from its dearest part.
The lov'd Alphonso's breathless corpse she view'd,
And yet her harden'd heart was unsubdu'd.
Perhaps, she saw thee sink beside his bed,
Or lean in speechless sorrow o'er the dead;
Or heard thee faintly cry—The knot's unti'd
Come, gentle death, thou cans't no more divide:
But spare our children, our lov'd offspring spare;
They still are young, and life is worth their care.
To me the charm that sweeten'd life is gone;
Weep not, my friends, I cannot die too soon.
Fast through her reins the subtle poison spread,
And join'd with grief, to bow her aged head.
Her children strive her drooping head to stay;
The monster works to rend those props away;
But triumphs not: a greater power sustains
And bears them through excruciating pains.

Oft did Maria, in serener days,
With tender transport on her offspring gaze;
Maternal love was pictur'd in her face,
The happy parent of a blooming race;
Now the fond mother feels at every pore;
Worse than her own, the pangs her children bore.
Yet still herself, sweet, affable, and mild,
The patient sufferer on her murd'rer smil'd;
Who by her bed officiously attends,
Concern and kind solicitude pretends,
Yet still pursues her own infernal ends.
Hence aid medicinal is render'd vain,
By frequent potions of the deadly bane;
While cruel torture rack Maria's frame,
And by degrees puts out the vital flame.

Now pause, my muse, and seriously enquire,
What could this hellish cruelty inspire!
Why strike at those who no offence had given?
It seems like stabbing at the face of heaven!
In her dark mind what ugly passions breed!
Like gnawing worms, they on her vitals feed.
Without an object, what could malice do?
Alvina's near, she's often in her view;
In her polluted soul foul envy's rais'd;
Because perhaps she hears Alvina prais'd;

A groundless jealousy her breast inflames;
'Gainst thee, Alvina, she the mischief aims.
The wicked miscreant working in the dark,
Spreads ruin round, but cannot hit the mark:
A power divine restrains the falling blow——
Thus far thou may'st, but shalt no farther go.
What deadly venom rankled in that breast!
What worse than poison must the soul infest,
Which still its fatal purpose could pursue,
Tho' general destruction might ensue!
Oh! sin, prolific source of human woe!
To thee mankind their various sorrows owe;
Thro' thee our world a gloomy aspect wears,
And is too justly stil'd *a vale of tears.*
Man was first form'd upon a social plan;
And ties unnumber'd fasten man to man:
None are, howe'er debas'd, in form or mind,
Cut off from all communion with their kind.
Witness the wretched subject of these lines.
Alas! how many suffer'd by her crimes!
Who more detach'd, of less import, than she?
Yet mark her influence on society.
But there are crimes of a less shocking kind,
That find an easy pass from mind to mind:

As fire spreads from one building to another,
The vicious man contaminates his brother;
Why wonder, then, that Adam could deface
His maker's image in an unborn race?
When his own hand the sacred stamp had torn,
Could he transmit it whole to sons unborn?
In him the foul contagion first began;
From sire to son the deadly venom ran;
Thus poisoning all the mighty mass of man.
The sad effect is dreadful to endure;
But human wisdom could not find a cure:
Thus, Scripture, reason, and experience, tend
To prove, the power that made alone can mend.
Oh! Christ, thou sum and source of every good,
Thou that for sinners shed'st thy precious blood,
In thee our various wants are all suppli'd;
Thy death our ransom, and thy life our guide.
In thee thy followers second life attain;
And man reflects his maker's face again.
Is sin progressive, spreading every hour?
Has heaven-born virtue no diffusive power?
Our blessed Saviour is a living head;
The streams that issue from him can't be dead,
But scatter life and fragrance, as they spread.

DELIA.

YOUNG DELIA cries, where shall I find
A residence, to please my mind?
A place that's free from care and pain,
Where perfect ease and pleasure reign?

First to the city Delia flies;
And there sees human butterflies,
Who to all gay amusements go,
In silk and silver make a show.

Sure these are happy, Delia cries;
Their thoughtless air excites surprise;
Gayly they flutter to and fro,
Nor seem to have one thought of woe.

Soon she joins the gaudy train,
Paints and dresses; but in vain:
Altho' in sparkling gems she shin'd,
Still discontent prey'd on her mind.

At length with high disdain she cri'd;
I'll bid adieu to pomp and pride;
Unto the country I'll repair,
And try th' effect of rural air.

Ah! Delia, whither would'st thou go!
A mind diseased breeds thy woe;
You your own bitter pills prepare,
And trifles always cause you care.

If you would truly be at rest,
Make virtue sov'reign in your breast:
To real ills she brings relief,
And certain cure to fancied grief.

Think, fairest pupil, that you hear
Bright virtue whispering in your ear
Such words as these, with aspect mild,
As if an angel on you smil'd:

Be never gaudy, but be gay;
In something useful spend each day;
Some relaxation I don't slight;
It wholesome is, and yields delight.

582243

To the memory of W. M——. who died at Natchez.

A sad foreboding fills my anxious heart;
The doleful news still tingle in my ear;
Oh! may a gracious providence avert
These dreadful evils we have cause to fear!
See how the righteous fall on every side!
Mark that sweet flow'r, cropt in its vernal bloom!
To such a safe asylum is supplied;
Are they not taken from the ills to come!
Ah! would the living lay such deaths to heart,
Ponder their hearts with care, their lives amend,
From every false and wicked way depart;
Then death's sore pangs would sin and sorrow end.
But quite regardless of such friendly calls,
Alas! th' unthinking multitude remain!
Or cleave to tottering fences, bowing walls,
Deceitful props, which can't themselves sustain.
The mem'ry of the wicked soon must rot:
But thine, dear youth, emits a sweet perfume:

Thy genuine virtues must not be forgot;
They shed a sacred radiance round thy tomb:
Virtues which spring from a mere earthly root,
Could never boast such excellence as thine;
Celestial trees alone produce such fruit,
The gracious planting of a hand divine.
The dear Redeemer's image was impress'd
On thee, too legibly to be mista'n;
That heavenly love which warm'd thy youthful breast,
That blessed image, thou dost still retain.
Of thee th' unworthy world is soon depriv'd:
Alas! the world thy value would not know!
From diff'rent springs thy pleasures were deriv'd,
In other channels their affections flow.
Yet there was in thee what insured trust,
In what regards this world, as well as heaven;
For in th' unrighteous mammon those are just
To whom th' unfading riches shall be given.
Blest youth, thy spirit is no longer griev'd
By seeing evils, which thou could'st not cure;
But Him thou see'st in whom thou hast believ'd,
And feel'st thy bliss, thy endless bliss secure.

No mother lives to mourn thy early fate,
Or sink o'erwhelm'd with sorrow at the news;
No dear relation by thy bed did wait,
And from thy forehead wipe the clammy dews:
But all that knew thee feel a fond regret;
While fancy hovers o'er thy distant urn;
Virtue's just tribute every eye must wet;
And every heart with emulation burn.

To Miss S. W——. ON THE RECOVERY OF HER HEALTH.

PERMIT the muse to touch a tender string,
The chord of gratitude: dost thou not feel
Its sweet vibrations? While with a full heart
You lift your eye to Him, whose goodness gives
Virtues medicinal to fountains, plants,
And minerals. Oh! let us all beware!
While these we use and own their healing powers,
Lest e'er the great Physician we forget,
Their author, whose beneficence divine
Streams forth in golden veins thro' all his works,—
His works of nature, providence, and grace.

Again thy pulse beats regular; thine eye
Sparkles with health; thy late relaxed frame
Renews its vigor; ev'ry look conveys
Transporting information to the hearts
Of kind relations, who with anxious care
Observ'd the progress of the dire disease.
But most thy parents felt thy late decline,
And feel thy restoration: it was theirs
To mark thy dawning talents, the first germs
Of intellectual and of moral beauty
Put forth their leaves beneath their fostering eye.
Long may'st thou live; and may they too be spar'd,
To see the promise of thy tender years
More than accomplish'd in thy ripen'd worth;
While all their num'rous offspring join to weave
A never fading chaplet to their brows.

ELEANORA.

'TIS not the glow of youth, tho' this appears
But the expression of superior charms;
A look of conscious rectitude she wears:
Her smile like dawning Phœbus cheers and warms.

In duty active, and in manners mild,
And unassuming, as that modest flower,
Whose unobtrusive sweetness decks the wild,
Adorns the garden, and the shady bower:

She's not elated with a prosperous state;
The dignity of virtue she maintains;
The pride arising from a fair estate,
Or outward show, her better sense disdains.

Ah! vain attempt! my muse can never draw
The lineaments of beauty so refin'd;
She drops the pencil, touch'd with trembling awe,
And fears injustice to so fair a mind.

The gentle Eleanora's charms to trace
Requires an artist of superior skill;
To give each excellence its proper place,
And her sweet spirit through the whole distill.

EPITHALAMIUM.

WHEN love and fair Serenia is the theme,
Let no discordant note the ear annoy;
In gentlest accents breathe the sweetest name,
Attune the muse to harmony and joy.
Come hither, hymen's fairest train,
Here let love and friendship reign,
Sweet solicitude to please,
Mutual confidence and ease:
But fly far hence insidious pair,
Fell distrust, and preying care.

Hymen, may these thy ardent vot'ries find,
Thy promis'd blessings all-sincere and real,
Joys pure, and spotless, as Serenia's mind,
And exquisite, as fondest lovers feel.
Still may love's impressive smile
Soften grief, and sweeten toil;
Still the mutual flame increasing,
Each at once both blest and blessing;
Lasting may those blessings prove,
And peace and plenty crown their love.

Beneficent dispenser of all good,
Look down with favour on the youthful pair;
Give them an interest in the Saviour's blood;
Make them the objects of thy special care.
Put them not off with earthly toys,
With these vain transitory joys;
But let thy common favours be
The means to raise their hearts to thee:
May they together thee adore,
When earthly ties are felt no more.

Ode to Virtue.

O Virtue, fair, divinely fair,
How sweetly dost thou shine!
In angel brightness thou appear'st;
Thy lineage is divine.
In heav'n thou first a being had'st,
And always wilt endure;
Perfection there is to be found
Unlimited and pure.
Within thy bosom, O my God,
True virtue doth reside;
In thee its very essence lies,
In thee, and none beside.

To Eliza.

FROM lonely shades, a calm obscure retreat,
Let me my friend, my dear Eliza greet:
Now far remov'd from commerce with the gay,
In sober dulness here I pass the day.
Sometimes, alas! I feel my spirits sink;
And grow almost too indolent to think:
A lazy stupor creeps through all my blood,
And more than half congeals the vital flood.
Oh! for a friend, to give a hearty shake,
And bid these drowsy faculties awake!
Or rather, gracious author of my frame,
Kindle my dull devotion to a flame;
Let true religion in my bosom thrive;
Oh! bid me live, and feel myself alive.
What, tho' the fleeting moments glide away!
What, tho' this feeble frame must soon decay!
What, tho' my life but as a hand-breadth seems,
And youth's gay prospect, visionary dreams!
Still there are joys, substantial past dispute,
That will not mock us with a vain pursuit.

Sure, there's enough to keep the soul awake,
When heaven's eternal glories are at stake.
At death the thinking principle survives;
And e'en the mouldering clay again revives:
This thought to peace and resignation tends,
And sooths our sorrow for departed friends;
Teaches in His disposing will to rest,
Who orders human changes for the best.
You, lovely maid, in grief can sympathise,
You've felt the rupture of the tenderest ties;
Yet, if your honour'd parents still were here,
You scarce would act in such a useful sphere:
In you, distinguis'd maid, we long have known
A father, mother, sister, all in one:
Your various duties you with care fulfil,
And act your part with diligence and skill.
May providence your little household guard,
And crown your virtue with a rich reward.
Alas! how many changes have I known!
How many of my early friends are flown!
Where's the fond father now, upon whose breast
My infant head with confidence did rest!
Whose voice I, as an oracle, have heard,
And sought his favour as a rich reward!

No youthful charms did then my heart engage;
I saw unrivall'd beauties in his age.
His hoary locks diffus'd a reverend grace,
And lines of deep reflection mark'd his face;
His eyes with a benignant lustre shin'd
Clear, bright and deep, expressive of the mind.
He is not now extinct; he still maintains
A part, Great Father, in thy wide domains.
Perhaps with means and faculties improv'd,
He still pursues the sciences he lov'd;
Perhaps he still is near me, though unseen
By the dim organs of this gross machine;
Perhaps he has my watchful guardian been.
Whether departed spirits e'er attend,
As guardian Angels to surviving friends,
Is not for dull mortality to learn:
Nor is it matter of supreme concern.
It more concerns us carefully to prove
Our int'rest in the great Redeemer's love:
To trace his footsteps—in his merit trust,
And seek through him the mansions of the just.
Eliza, let us carefully maintain
Our posts, while station'd in this hostile plain.

We're call'd to hold, until our latest breath,
A war with sin, the harbinger of death:
Still, with our chief, our glorious chief, in view,
Let us the foe, our subtle foe, pursue:
Nor let th' insidious source of human woe
Reign in our hearts, and poison all we do.
Our weapons, and our strength, His grace supplies;
While in his hand he holds the shining prize.
No fading laurel tempts the glorious strife;
But spotless virtue, and immortal life:
For such a crown, 'tis wisdom to endure:
To be forever, and forever, pure.
Behold! the gate of heav'n wide open stands:
He beckons to us with his bleeding hands.
O! let us to th' impressive sign attend,
Nor fear ten thousand foes, when bless'd with such a friend.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

O! AUTHOR of the universe,
How glorious must thou be!
Who could'st such wond'rous works perform,
As those bright worlds I see!
The starry firmament on high,
How glorious to survey!
Those stars in lustre far surpass
The diamond's sparkling ray.
When view'd as ornamental gems,
My eyes enraptur'd gaze:
Considering them as neighb'ring worlds,
My soul's rapt in amaze.
If such thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
How great thyself must be!
Above the comprehension
Of such poor worms as we.
Absorb'd in thy immensity,
As nothing we appear;
Yet still the meanest of thy works
Experiences thy care.

To Mrs. J——.

WELCOME, lovely stranger, welcome
From the seat of pomp and noise;
Welcome to the rural villa,
Here to taste more solid joys:

Here to taste the various pleasures
Which a rural life bestows;
When the mind's attun'd to relish
Pleasure that from nature flows.

If you delight in contemplation,
Ample scope it here may have;
Sure you need not want enjoyment,
Whether you are gay or grave.

Nature's spacious book lies open,
Flow'ry fields and meadows gay,
Where, without one rude spectator,
With your J—n you may stray.

MATILDA.

SOON as Aurora blush'd along the sky,
The young Matilda, rising from her bed,
Walk'd forth, the fragrant morning to enjoy:
O'er dewy meads the lovely wand'rer sped,
Till on the summit of a tow'ring hill;
Where she might view the fields in all their pride,
And listen to the bubbling of a rill,
Whose streams meander'd 'long the mountain's side:
Seated, she cast her wandering eyes around,
View'd nature, thus adorn'd in all her charms;
What sweets, said she, do every where abound!
The pleasing scene this glowing bosom warms.
Ye sons of sloth, who now inactive lie,
Ye little relish the delights I taste;
Else to yourselves ye sure could not deny
So pure, so sweet, so exquisite a feast.
The feather'd host, in joyous concert join'd,
With their delightful warbling fill the air,
Yielding improvement to th' attentive mind,
While the wild music greets the ravish'd ear.

Here choicest flowers, in rich profusion strew'd,
Deck the gay plains, and make creation smile;
From these the bees extract the sweetest food,
When the warm sun invites them to their toil.
This is the hour, the happy hour, to pay
Our adoration to the source of light;
Just when Aurora drives the shades away,
And ruddy morning takes the place of night.
The mind, refreshed by its late repose,
Is now more strong and vig'rous than before:
Let us not then this happy moment lose;
But the great source of all that's good adore.
'Tis He who makes the smiling flowers to grow,
Which thus enamel the green mantled plain;
'Tis He who bids yon bubbling brook to flow,
And gladdens earth with fertilizing rain.
Tho' these his sov'reign power and goodness show;
They're small, compar'd to works that he has done:
Far greater blessings from his bounty flow;
His choicest gifts are treasur'd in his Son.

YOUTH.

YOUTH's a sweet season, but so quickly flown,
We scarcely call the transient bloom our own;
We hardly feel ourselves upon the stage,
Till time gives warning of approaching age.
But youth may a still lovelier light assume,
View'd as an emblem of immortal bloom;
Like as the blossom, from a generous root,
Is a fair prelude to delicious fruit.
But here a thought occurs—from root that's dead
How can the bud protrude, or blossom spread?
Our root is wither'd in a barren soil;
Our lamps are out, and wasted is our oil.
Unchang'd by pow'r divine, our fairest deeds
Appear like fading flowers, or pois'nous weeds:
But once ingrafted in the living vine,
The flower's immortal, and the fruit divine.
Alas! what precious hours we spend in vain!
In learning what must be unlearn'd again!
'Tis mortifying, when advanc'd to age,
To be set back, as 'twere, to the first page.

But worse by far, at last to yield the ghost,
Untutor'd still in what concerns us most.
How dreadful to the unembodi'd mind,
To leave its wisdom, and its wealth, behind!
Be thou, O Lord, my wisdom and my wealth;
My bed in sickness, and my joy in health;
Thro' all the changing scenes of life, my guide;
At once my glory, and my shield from pride.
O! turn my heart from vanity and lies!
The sacred volume teach me how to prize:
Grant me the teachings of thy spirit, Lord,
That I may rightly understand thy word.
Me to thy blessed image, Lord, transform—
What an aspiring thought in such a worm!
But thou art pleas'd to see our hearts aspire,
Thou blessed source of every good desire.
O! let me cleave and fasten to my Rock!
And there sustain the last tremendous shock:
Not life, nor death, in its most frightful gloom,
Nor things that present are, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor all the powers that be,
Can sep'rate from the love of God and thee.

A Hymn.

WHY should my soul lie sunk in deep despondence,
Brooding o'er evils in their nature transient!
Why this depression, while so many blessings
Cluster around me!

Don't those possessions which allure the worldling,
Owe their chief value t' artificial cravings?
While the enjoyments of the child of nature
Are more refreshing.

Think how prepost'rous, in such poor delinquents,
Who the least favour cannot claim from merit,
Thus to come forward with our idle wishes,
Claiming indulgence!

Think how ungrateful, thus to pine and murmur
At the privation of some earthly comforts;
While the best blessings which a God could tender,
Court our acceptance!

Still let me ponder, with increas'd amazement,
On the deep suff'rings of the great Redeemer!
On his perfections, and the blessings purchas'd
For his believers!

O! may that temper, which prevail'd in Jesus,
Gain the ascendant over all that's sensual!
Holy affections, which ensure fruition,
Strengthen within me!

The absurdity of Atheism.

LIVES there a man, possess'd of ears and eyes;
Who the dread presence of a God denies?
If there be such, let him for once survey
The various beauties nature's works display;
The silver fountain's bosom free from stain;
The lofty mountain, and the lowly plain;
Luxuriant meadows, and high tow'ring trees;
Herbs, fruits, and flowers: then ask, who made all these?
Thou canst not think that by mere chance they came;
Nor yet that mortal man perform'd the same.
But what are mortals? View thyself and see;
Without a power divine thou could'st not be.

The Friends from real Life.

SPRIGHTLY Celia treads on air;
Mark the footsteps of the fair;
See her smoothly glide along,
Lightest of the smiling throng.
What pencil can her manner trace!
'Tis an ever-varying grace,
Animates her form and face.
Sweetest smiles with frowns are blending,
Chiding now, and now commending.
Celia's sensitive all over;
A feeling friend, a fervent lover;
She can't endure a neutral part;
But loves and hates with all her heart:
And every way that heart's affected,
Its feelings on her face depicted.
We sparkling wit in Celia find,
With traits of an expanded mind.
She as a mother claims regard:
O! may her child her care reward.

To her in closest amity is join'd
A being, diff'ring both in form and mind;
Yet in essential points so well agreed,
That nothing can their mutual love exceed.
Her I will call Symphronia the sage;
For in her youth she bears the fruits of age.
She's unaffected, simple, and sincere,
And inly kind, when outwardly severe.
Her words are few, sententious, and just:
She's full of thoughts, that might get leave to rust,
Ir sprightly Celia did not take delight
To draw the little embryos into light.
While her fair friend, still pondering what is fit,
Oft sets a bound to Celia's flowing wit;
Diverts its course, when likely to offend,
Nor deems a lively sally worth a friend.
Thus mutual benefits cement their love;
And with their years their friendship must improve.
Each as a dearer-self regards her friend,
And to the common good their sep'rate efforts tend.

CHRIST OUR SHEPHERD.

SIN shall no more dominion have,
Since Christ its reigning power hath broke;
Strict justice now can nothing crave
Of those who wear his easy yoke.
His spotless life the law fulfils;
His death the dreadful forfeit paid;
His spirit a new life instills;
In him his people are re-made.
He triumphs over death and hell,
O'er principalities and powers,
O'er hearts accustom'd to rebel,
Even such harden'd hearts as ours.
Our Shepherd is the glorious King;
Our King the Shepherd of his sheep;
Strong consolation this must bring:
Bless'd are the flock he deigns to keep.
Dear Jesus bring me to thy fold,
Encircled in thy arms divine;
On thee, on thee I fix my hold,
And nothing lack, since thou art mine.

To Mrs. D——.

Farewell, my friend, a long farewell!
A mournful sad adieu!
I call to mind the happy hours,
So sweetly spent with you:

Your gayety inspir'd delight,
And made the moments fly,
Quick as the radiant beams of light,
That sparkle in your eye.

The drooping spirits you can raise,
And make dejection gay;
It is your power, be it your praise,
To banish care away.

Is it from nature, or from art,
Your spirits still are free?
If you have power the charm t' impart,
I pray you teach it me.

Write a receipt for cheerfulness,
And teach me how to find
That blessing of the highest rank,
That cordial of the mind.

But O! I doubt a countercharm
Will cause the cure to fail!
'Twill bring your absence to my mind;
Then sadness must prevail.

SPRING.

HAIL, charming spring! once more return'd,
To greet my longing eyes;
Thy sweets dispel the wintry gloom,
And all its horror flies.

We see the blossom on the spray;
The birds in concert join;
Sweetly the moments glide away;
For every sweet is thine.

But ah! how transient is thy reign!
Thy beauties soon decay:
An emblem of youth's florid scene,
Which soon must wear away.

Then teach me, Lord, in this my prime,
In virtue's path to tread;

That, when I feel the hand of time,
Her influence may spread
Through every fibre of my breast;
And when my drooping frame
Is pointing to its element,
Tow'rd heaven my spirit aim.

On reading Emma Corbet.

I TOO have read (with feeling, and with care,)
The mournful story of this faithful pair;
O'er the sad tale in tears of pity mourn'd,
And woes fictitious into real turn'd.
Ah! what avail the glowing charms of youth,
His spotless honour, her unblemish'd truth!
Why was the arrow taken from his side,
Or her fair lips to the rank wound appli'd!
All,—all conspire to rivet heart to heart,
And make it still more terrible to part.
But need we to fictitious stories fly?
Or learn from Novels, men are born to die?

Does not each day present before our eyes,
Enough of woe the heart to humanize?
And every hour's experience plainly show,
'Tis vain, to seek unmingled bliss below?
Then let us look beyond this narrow sphere;
Nor let our dearest hopes be centred here;
Enjoy the good, the evil well apply,
And deem it our best privilege—to die.

A TALE.

GOOD Timon flourish'd in the vale of life,
Bless'd with a gentle and attentive wife;
Likewise a daughter beautiful as day,
Sweeter than Flora, or the Queen of May.
Good nature and good sense together join'd
To deck the lovely Seraphina's mind.
Her heav'nly mind, with genuine sweetness grac'd,
By neither pride nor folly was debas'd;
But every modest virtue flourish'd there:
She was her parents' joy, their only care.

To train her up to virtue was their view;
Sweet was the task, and sweet the success too.
Soon did the plant, beneath their forming hand,
In leaves of fairest excellence expand.
Her op'ning charms their various cares beguil'd:
Possess'd of such a treasure in their child,
They envy not the opulent and gay,
Who warmly bask in fortune's brighter ray.
A full supply for present use is given,
And for the future they rely on heaven.
Early they 'rose with the first dawn of day,
And with united ardour join'd to pray;
But first to heav'n their grateful hearts they raise,
And in sweet anthems sing their Maker's praise.
Music is sometimes call'd devotion's wings:
Let Seraphs listen, Seraphina sings.
They're in religion just what they appear;
Their faith is stedfast, and their love sincere;
In Christ their hopes of happiness they place,
And 'tend with rev'rence on the means of grace.
Their only child with joyful hearts they see
Ripening a-pace for immortality;
Her heart, like Lydia's, open to receive
The best instructions matchless love could give;

Instructions by the best of teathers given,
Th' Incarnate God, a messenger from heaven.
O happy parents! it is yours to prove
A blessing, as unbounded as your love!
Not e'en her death your comfort could destroy;
None but the christian parent knows your joy.
Retir'd from clam'rous scenes of noise and strife,
They lead a quiet, not unsocial life:
Domestic duties their chief cares employ;
Domestic pleasures too which never cloy.
On a small farm, till'd by the father's hands,
A neat unostentatious building stands;
This cultur'd spot their various wants supplies,
Their skill, their industry, and patience tries.
Tho' lowly, to a nice observer here
Traces of taste and elegance appear;
The native product of a well-turn'd mind;
Nothing too coarse, nor yet too much refin'd.
Here true benev'lence reigns in every breast;
The weary traveller here is sure to rest;
The outcast here may an asylum find;
While pity's balm drops on the wounded mind.
Oh! it is sweet, the drooping mind to cheer,
Raise the depress'd, and dry the falling tear!

Nor yet their humble station quite forbade
An intercourse with those of higher grade;
Nor from such intercourse, his state restrains.
Palemon, wealthiest of the neighb'ring swains,
And bountiful as rich; his liberal hand,
And still more liberal heart, respect command.
A finish'd education had refin'd,
Not only his deportment, but his mind:
Whate'er is good and great is still his aim:
One son and daughter his attention claim.
In youth of a beloved wife bereft,
These precious pledges to his care were left.
No second choice her image had eras'd;
And now he sees his lovely daughter grac'd
With the same sweetness, all those winning charms,
Which in his dear Amanda bless'd his arms.
He as a father well fulfill'd his part;
Drew forth their talents with the nicest art;
Put them on gath'ring intellectual food;
Restraining folly, cherish'd what was good.
But first religion as a ground-work lays,
Or strives to lay, and for a blessing prays
On his endeavours. Now the success shows
That God a blessing on such means bestows.

His children in their characters unite
Whate'er is virtuous, pious, or polite.
Tho' Timon neither wealth nor power could boast,
He was the friend Palemon valued most.
With him he loves to spend his evening hours;
No dull dispute their conversation sours.
In both good sense by reading was improv'd;
And each pursued the study which he lov'd.
In agriculture Timon takes delight,
And often spends the watches of the night,
In planning methods to improve the soil,
And fertilize it with the smallest toil.
His fertile genius an expedient found
To show'r down water on the parched ground;
When summer droughts a general terror spread,
And fields well-cultur'd scarcely promis'd bread.
Here, let our hearts in gratitude arise
To Him, whose bounty all our wants supplies.
From age to age, we see this happy plain,
Its still increasing 'habitants maintain,
Producing various kinds of useful grain.
If in some seasons mildew, drought, or fly,
Destroy some kinds, then other kinds supply
The want; or else a providential store,
Sav'd from th' abundance of the year before.

Palemon, who could proper means command,
Reduc'd to practice what his friend had plann'd;
His farms a most enchanting air assume,
His corn-fields flourish and his orchards bloom.
He wisely deems no care or labour lost,
To save the tender buds from nipping frost;
Well pleas'd to find th' inventions of his friend,
Each well adapted to its destin'd end.
Now, O my muse! in gentlest strains relate
The lovely Seraphina's happy fate.
Like some fair flow'ret opening in the glade,
So blooms unseen the sweet sequester'd maid.
As yet her visits and her walks extend
Just to the dwellings of a rural friend:
Nor farther tempted by a wish to roam,
She finds employment and content at home.
Her leisure hours she can in reading spend,
Or conversation with her fav'rite friend,
Palemon's daughter, whose congenial mind
Seem'd for the charming intercourse destin'd.
Together see them seated in the grove,
Or arm in arm o'er flow'ry meadows rove!
Whate'er is known to one the other learns,
Instructer each and pupil in their turns.

To the same work their fingers they apply;
Their voices join in pleasing melody.
While young Osander steals an hour to spend,
In fondly gazing on his sister's friend.
With scornful airs she never turns aside,
Yet wisely strives her growing love to hide;
Nor hide alone: she labour'd to subdue
An ill-plac'd flame, and more retired grew:
But strives to shun th' enamour'd youth in vain;
Love's gentle influence draws him o'er the plain.
At length, his tender sentiments confess'd,
The fair one thus th' astonish'd youth address'd:
Think not, Osander, I'm asham'd to own
A sense of merit; long your worth I've known:
Nor do your kind attentions, your regard,
Remain unpaid; if love be a reward.
Not e'en Amanda, ever kind and true,
Possesses more my confidence than you.
Me, as a friend and sister, you may claim;
But dream, Ah! dream not, of a dearer name!
Altho' Osander this fond heart has won,
That heart aspires not to Palemon's son.
You'll say your father's good, as well as great;
This is a truth, admits of no debate.

And shall we blast the hopes of such a sire?
Ah, never! no, not even in desire!
Though you he may a grand alliance make,
And means it too, for his Osander's sake.
Oh! may——the sentence on her lip expir'd;
Her heart grew full, she hastily retir'd.
Osander for a moment musing stood;
Revolv'd her words, and found her meaning good.
A grand alliance——well so let it be:
Since real grandeur's to be found in thee,
Why should my father such a match oppose?
Or why my fair such obstacles suppose?
I'll to my sire, before him prostrate lie,
Tell him at once my suit, and her reply;
The native greatness of her mind make known:
A king might proudly such a daughter own.
Palemon listen'd to the tender tale;
Paternal love and virtue turn'd the scale.
Long had he mark'd her unassuming grace,
And thought her worthy of a higher place.
The approbation of all parties gain'd,
No low'ring cloud love's rosy visage stain'd.
But that the nuptial torch might burn more bright,
Osander would his chosen friend invite,

Who is this friend? fair Seraphina cries,
To which the gentle sister thus replies:
His character is not to be defin'd,
He seems a being of superior kind;
'Tis his, in conversation to excel:
What other mortal ever spoke so well?
He joins such flowing eloquence with ease,
On any subject he is sure to please:
And yet he always rises with his theme;
He seems inspir'd by a celestial flame.
Let conversation take a serious turn,
To hear him, makes my very heart to burn:
With such resistless force his periods roll,
They find a way directly to the soul.
Added to this, in logic he's profound,
Nor deigns t' amuse the ear with empty sound.
And he'll be happy too, Osander cried,
The fair Ophelia soon will be his bride:
To me the joyful news last post convey'd,
That he has gain'd the long reluctant maid.
With her his eloquence had nearly fail'd;
But truth and perseverance have prevail'd.
Her brother's words a fix'd attention drew,
And o'er her face diffus'd a crimson hue.

Softly she 'rose, of friendship's self afraid,
And sought in haste the least frequented shade;
There, with her head upon her hand reclin'd,
She thus express'd the feelings of her mind:
Oh! I have erred against common sense;
Unauthorised love is my offence.
Yet, if I love, 'tis with so pure a flame,
To own it, need not tinge my cheek with shame.
Religion, sense, and sentiment, combin'd,
To fix the soft impression on my mind.
Is love a full equivalent for love?
And should not worth the female bosom move?
'Tis the best plea; but neither should prevail:
Henceforth may all their sep'rate efforts fail.
Virtue, as well as prudence, soon must blame
The least indulgence of this hapless flame:
He'll soon be bound by the most sacred ties;
Oh, may his bride behold him with my eyes!
Then will his faults evaporate in air,
And breathing virtue in his form appear.
Amanda, rouse! thy latent powers exert,
Dispel the charm that thus inthrals thy heart.
But yet this heart, I trust, I'll never bind,
In tender union, with a meaner mind.

Still, still, his image rises to my view;
Where'er I turn, the phantom will pursue.
Fly, bright idea, thy intrusions cease;
I must resign thee, or resign my peace.
'Tis vain to look for vict'ry without strife;
And mean, to sink beneath the ills of life.
'Tis arrogant ourselves to overrate,
And plead exemption from the general fate.
'Tis true, this heart no stoic maxim steels;
The little trembler most acutely feels;
But others have their cares and sorrows borne;
And better hearts have been severely torn.
To seed committed to the furrow'd earth
A fair and plenteous harvest owes its birth;
Thus fruits divine, unfading virtues, rise
In harrow'd hearts, when heaven the seed supplies.
O, pleasing consciousness! celestial flame!
I feel there's more in virtue than a name.
Thou precious emanation from above,
The blow that strengthens thee, must fall from love;
'Tis not the hand of an avenging God,
But a kind father's salutary rod.

To my own folly, I can trace my grief,
And mean to seek in wisdom for relief.
Thou only wise, thou whose unerring sight
Can, at a glance, distinguish wrong from right,
O, lead my wandering steps in wisdom's way!
Be thou my guide, my guardian, and my stay.
Thus tranquilis'd, Amanda left her seat,
Prepar'd the soon expected guest to meet;
Prepar'd, in him a sister's part to take,
And love Ophelia, for her husband's sake;
Both for his sake, and for her own desert:
She can't want merit, who secures his heart.
Amanda mingles with the bridal throng,
Promotes good humour, sings the sweetest song;
Not ev'n the lovers taste more true delight,
Than she, in acting and intending right.

On Slavery.

AMONG the moral evils which disgrace
The page historic of the human race,
Slavery seems most to blacken the records;
It militates against our blessed Lord's
Divine instructions. Is it not a shame
For any that assume the christian name,
Who say the influence of his blood extends
From sea to sea, to earth's remotest ends,
To trade in human flesh, to forge a chain
For those who may with them in glory reign?
But, independent of the christian light,
Humanity is outrag'd, every right
Of human nature trampled to the ground;
By men who deify an empty sound,
And call it liberty, or what they please;
But God will visit for such crimes as these.
Behold the fruitful islands of the main;
Where sweetness is extracted from the cane
Where luscious fruits in rich profusion grow,
And streams of milk and honey us'd to flow:

Such great occasions noble minds invite,
And bring conceal'd abilities to light;
Consummate statesmen in our councils rise,
Fit for their station, honest, brave, and wise;
Our gallant leaders in the martial field
To neither Greece nor Rome the laurels yield;
Nor were it just to pass Columbia's fair;
Who share the burden should the garland share.
Thy charms, O Liberty! their souls impress,
Behold them patriots even in their dress;
The graceful vestments of the most refin'd,
By their own hands have been with pleasure
twin'd;
They throw the shuttle, and they mix the dye,
And ev'n the famed Spartan dames outvie;
Their tenderness and modesty retain;
Gentle, not weak, they vigorously sustain,
Without a murmur, the severest toil;
With their fair hands they cultivate the soil;
Expos'd to summer's heat and winter's cold;
Prepare the fuel, and attend the fold;
To give the husband, brother, or the sire
To the hard duties which the times require.
The world can testify this picture true;
From recent facts the muse her colours drew.

But ah! how soon those glowing colours fade!
The sons of Afric form a dismal shade:
Each southern state unnumber'd slaves commands,
Who steel their hearts, and enervate their hands.
There knotted whips in dreadful peals resound,
While blood and sweat flow mingled to the ground,
So fame reports, and rising in her ire
She adds, that some beneath the lash expire.
Ah stop! inhuman! why provoke the rod,
The dreadful vengeance of an angry God!
Behold with trembling the outstretched hand
Of incens'd justice lifted o'er the land!
For crimes like yours, and their pernicious brood,
(For these are parent-sins, and taint the blood)
Malignant fevers through the land are sent,
To punish sin, and lead us to repent;
But if these warnings we refuse to mind,
A train of evils follow close behind;
If we may credit God's eternal word,
And those examples left upon record.
Are these the blest abodes of liberty!
Is this the generous race that would be free!
The power to whom you fancied honours pay,
From scenes like these with horror turns away!

Wherever genuine liberty is found,
She copies heaven in shedding blessings round.
Should not this fruitful, this salubrious clime
Inspire us with the gen'rous and sublime?
Our hills appear for contemplation made,
Our lofty forests form a noble shade;
These seem the native haunts of liberty:
Was not the wild unletter'd Indian free?
Alas! the mournful truth must be confess'd,
Ferocious passions triumph'd in his breast;
There gloomy superstition's terrors reign'd;
Insidious wiles his manly courage stain'd;
While sloth and ignorance in fetters bind
The nobler workings of the savage mind.
See these by Europe's fairer sons displac'd,
With useful arts and polish'd manners grac'd!
Now sturdy labour, with incessant toil
Clears the rude wild, and cultivates the soil.
As art's first sample clapboard roofs appear;
But soon a neat convenient house they rear;
At length a stately dome attracts the eyes;
And seat with seat in taste and beauty vies.
Now liberal sciences the land pervade,
And philosophic musings court the shade.

The fairest traits of liberty we find,
Where equal laws to peace and order bind,
And true religion elevates the mind.
Oh, slavery! thou hell-engender'd crime!
Why spoil this beauteous country in her prime,
Corrupt her manners, enervate her youth!
Blast the fair buds of justice, mercy, truth!
But, Europe! know, to thy eternal shame,
From thee at first this foul contagion came;
Before we to a nation's stature grew,
We learn'd this trade, this barb'rous trade, from you:
Should not we now exert a noble pride,
And lay your follies, and your crimes, aside?
Yet not so vain, or self-sufficient be,
As not to copy excellence of thee.
How many futile reasons have been given
For mixing God and mammon, sin and heaven!
Some say, they are of Canaan's cursed race,
By God ordain'd to fill this servile place:
Was then their lineage fully ascertain'd,
Before they in the cruel hold were chain'd?
Before the tenderest ties of human life
Were torn asunder; the beloved wife

Dragg'd without mercy from her husband's
breast,
And the sweet babes they mutually caress'd,
Carried like cattle;—(Let it not be told !)
By christians too, to be to christians sold?
Their lineage prov'd—it were of no avail;
Here all attempts at palliation fail.
In Joseph's case we may a parallel see;
Sent into Egypt by divine decree,
His brethren's evil, God intends for good,
Yet they, as guilty, in his presence stood.
Some plead the precedent of former times,
And bring example in, to sanction crimes:
Greece had her Helots, Gibeonites the Jew;
Must then Columbia have her Negroes too!
By men who by his spirit were inspir'd,
To teach us what our blessed Lord requir'd,
Rules have been given to regulate our lives,
As subjects, husbands, parents, children, wives;
Masters and servants due directions have;
But show a single lesson to a slave.
Those heavenly doctrines have a liberal aim,
And practis'd, soon would abrogate the name.

Our blessed Lord descended to unbind
Those chains of darkness which enslave the mind;
He draws the veil of prejudice aside,
To cure us of our selfishness and pride:
These once remov'd, then Afric's sable race
No more among the brutal herd we place:
Are they not blest with intellectual powers,
Which prove their souls are excellent as ours?
The same immortal hopes to all are given,
One common Saviour and one common heaven.
When these exalted views th' ascendant gain,
Fraternal love will form a silken chain,
Whose band, encircling all the human race,
Will join the species in one large embrace.

LUCINDA.

THROUGH shady groves, and flow'ry greens,
By purling brooks—sweet sylvan scenes,
Lucinda bends her way;
Array'd in every female grace,
Her mind still lovelier than her face;
There's none so fair as she.

Softness and truth together join,
They in her conduct sweetly shine,
In all her ways they're seen.
The VIRTUES all this maid befriend;
Where e'er she goes they all attend,
In an engaging train.

First gentle PITY leads the way;
With feeling heart, and glist'ning eye,
She views the world around;
Objects of mis'ry strike the sight;
Then CHARITY, her daughter bright
Makes blessings to abound.

BENEV'LENCE with extensive heart
Views the whole world, and in each part
Doth a kind interest take;
Both black and white do love enjoy;
Shall differing colours love destroy,
Or vain distinctions make?

A gen'rous horror fills her mind,
To see man trading in his kind;
That stain to all the race;
Each manly feeling in the slave,
Buried in hard oppression's grave;
The master still more base.

Next MODESTY, quite free from art,
Doth an unrivall'd bloom impart,
And every look direct:
She has her centre in the mind,
With ease and dignity combin'd,
And must inspire respect.

HUMILITY doth sweetly shine;
She's unassuming and benign;
She dwells with Lucy too;
Of all the virtues none more fair,
Of all the virtues none so rare;
She's known to very few.

Next, RESIGNATION——happy breast,
The tenement of such a guest,
  Religion's darling child:
'Tis thine to soften human woes;
From thee a healing balsam flows,
  As potent as 'tis mild.

At last fair PIETY appears;
A robe of spotless white she wears,
  And regulates the heart;
She takes her station in the breast,
And wisely governs all the rest,
  Appointing each her part.

MILA.

MISTAKEN youth, in charity forbear;
And do not tell young Mila she is fair:
An altar to her vanity you raise,
And blast her beauty with the breath of praise;
For be assur'd, she's little more at best
Than a dull sod in splendid posies drest.
Did you e'er see that lily hand convey
A kind relief to helpless poverty?
Did you e'er see those brilliant eyes express
A soft concern for virtue in distress?

Does piety that snowy bosom warm,
And prudence keep the tender maid from harm?
Ah! would to heaven you truly this could say!
I mourn to see a creature young and gay,
Whose fine exterior seems to be design'd
As a fair covering to a fairer mind,
Neglect her talent, or else misapply;
Live to as little purpose as a fly.
Or less by far; the difference lies here;
The fluttering insect fills its proper sphere;
While she those precious hours in trifling spends,
On which an immortality depends.
Unhappy maid! had you been form'd less fair,
You might be more engaging than you are.
'Tis strange but true,—beauty by beauty's soil'd;
And beauty here's by too much beauty spoil'd.

Frances and Mila, a Dialogue.

Frances.

Listen how the birds are singing,
Mark the flowers, how fast they're springing;
'Tis the merry month of May,
Let us then be blythe and gay.

Mila.

Lost on me is nature's bloom,
To me the flower yields no perfume.
For beauty I've no eye—for song no ear;
I'm so disturb'd I neither see nor hear.

Frances.

Why this disorder? Mila, tell me why;
What means these sudden starts, that heavy sigh?
Alas! your sadness fills my eyes with dew!
I can no more the pleasing landscape view.
Why not enjoy your youth, since every swain
Declares you are the lily of the plain;
Or else compares you to the blushing rose;
While I am neither nam'd in verse nor prose?

I'm course and swarthy, have a heavy eye;
Yet playful lambs are not more blithe than I.
I'm undepress'd by summer's scorching heats;
To me each season brings its proper sweets;
In winter I'm regardless of the snow;
Its blustering winds invig'rate as they blow,
And make my blood in brisker currents flow.
Autumn with fading flowers and falling leaves
For me a pleasing allegory weaves;
So this course frame will sink into the grave,
And I a finer vehicle may have.
At present I'm contented to appear
In this course garb—you see it stands the wear.

MILA.

You'd be less happy were you more refin'd:
Your lumpish form contains a courser mind;
You're undisturb'd at rubs which I declare
My nerves are quite too delicate to bear.
If you could feel, this truth you should not hear;
Were I like you, I never would appear;
Not that I wish to keep you out of sight;
To bring you forward is my chief delight:
I love you 'cause you can't my conquest spoil;
I love to have you near me as a foil.

But there's Lucinda, of her sight I'm tir'd,
An ugly thing, and yet she's much admir'd;
I'm sure she neither wit nor charms can boast,
And yet somehow she is become a toast.
To you I'll own, 'tis like to break my heart
To see her dress so fine, and look so smart;
To see her chair beset with well dress'd beaux,
While her cheek flushes like the full-blown rose.

FRANCES.

HAS then Lucinda your enjoyments spoil'd?
'Twould give her pain: she's all that's sweet and mild;
She's modest, unaffected, and sincere;
Still when she speaks let me be by to hear;
She seems unconscious of superior charms;
The purest friendship her fair bosom warms.
Last night she kindly held me by the hand,
And said, I still her leisure might command.
Haste, take some potent drug that envy cures;
I mean to be her foil as well as your's.
For shame, for shame, this selfishness subdue;
'Tis base tow'rds her, and quite unworthy you.

To hear you praise and slight her, in a breath,
Excites my laughter—pray restrain your wrath.
Are these fine feelings?—to be thus refin'd
Will root out all that's generous from your mind.

MILA.

YOU'RE a rough doctor, Frances: stop, I pray;
Or hold your peace, or something soothing say:
Suppose Lucinda worthy of regard;
Yet own, to love a rival's very hard.

FRANCES.

A RIVAL!—come your secret love impart:
I'm glad there's still some kindness at your heart.
Since men decide such contests with their swords,
Our sex may be allow'd some hasty words.
Your want of candour I can now excuse;
All will go right when you your reason use;
True love, instead of narrowing, must enlarge;
From self and selfish feelings you'll emerge:
Since you have learn'd another's charms to own,
You can't be quite engrossed by your own.
But tell me who has wrought the happy change;
I'm lost in wonder, all I hear's so strange;
What gallant youth has made your heart his prize?
Say who extorts those deep, those tender sighs?

MILA.

You still mistake, my heart's entirely free;
The sighing tribe are all alike to me;
I'm only vex'd, at every public place
To meet Lucinda in a finer lace;
To see the coxcombs with each other vie
To get her seated, and attract her eye;
To hear them on her fancied charms descant,
And still the justness of her judgment grant.
Suppose a general (can you understand?)
Reduc'd from first to second in command.
I'm sick at heart! fast from the world I'll fly,
And shut myself in some retreat and die!

FRANCES.

AND I am sick to see you such a fool!
To see such pride and folly bear the rule;
To see you jealous of a bit of lace:
Alas! poor thing, your's is a piteous case!
It seems your post you have not well maintain'd,
Or how has she so far th' ascendant gain'd?
It must be due to her superior skill:
Reason's her guide, you're guided by your will.

All own you fairest, who have eyes to see;
But in good humour she's a queen to thee:
Her intellectual beauty gains the prize;
You're sometimes witty, but Lucinda wise.
Copy her sweetness, with your pride dispense,
And exercise a little common sense:
To universal empire don't pretend,
But lose at once the rival in the friend.

MILA.

COPY her sweetness?—Did I rightly hear!
Dare you suppose such insolence I'll bear?
A pretty pattern! me—her copy—me!
But wherefore do I waste my breath on thee.
Amuse Lucinda with your idle talk,
I'll use Melisa's arm when next I walk.

FRANCES.

AND I can walk with either of the three,
Or by my self, and still amused be.
In what I said I meant not to offend;
I only us'd the privilege of a friend;
But since my well-meant counsels only tease,
We'll part, and meet again—just when you please.

PHILANDER AND LUCINDA.

PHILANDER.

MY dearest sister, in this lonely grove
I'll tell you all the story of my love;
How first young Frances my attention drew;
How in my breast the tender passion grew.
Since infancy she has familiar been,
And yet, till very lately, never seen:
You know she is not form'd to strike the eye:
You must look deep her beauties to espy;
But once discern'd, she pleases more and more;
Her soul's a mine enrich'd with golden ore.

LUCINDA.

OUR SEX confess her merit; it procures
Her many friends; but you're the first of your's
(She told me so her self) that ever strove
To touch her heart, and teach it how to love.
You have that heart entire, a precious prize;
But then it's wrapt in an unsightly guise;
My witty Vario says it's out of place,
Like a rich jewel in a homely case;
He says my brother merits, could he find,
A bride with Mila's face, and Fanny's mind.

PHILANDER.

I WOULD not wish her half a shade more fair;
I like both mind and person, as they are:
She's all that's sweet and lovely to my view;
Her happy temper makes me happy too;
That air of satisfaction which appears
In all she says, or does, my bosom cheers.
'Tis not that giddy mirth that's soon forgot,
Like crackling thorns that blaze beneath the pot;
'Tis somehow owing to a heavenly bent;
She knows in every state to be content.
That peaceful frame which lasting comfort brings,
From patience hope and resignation springs;
This gives, from gross and groveling thoughts refin'd,
A holy elevation to her mind;
She counts herself a bird of passage here,
And strives her fellow-passengers to cheer:
In her I'm sure a faithful friend to find,
A partner quite congenial to my mind.—

LUCINDA.

OH! brother, brother, once I little thought
The charming Mila could be thus forgot.
Tho' in the change unfeign'dly I rejoice,
And own the wisdom of your present choice;
Yet when I think on Mila's matchless grace,
The various beauties of her form and face——
Her features are beyond description fine;
Her eyes with a bewitching lustre shine;
Her auburn locks in graceful ringlets flow;
Her well-set teeth like polish'd ivory grow;
Her graceful movements, and her well-turn'd arms,
And little hands, display a world of charms;
Then in complexion, figure, and address,
She's more than I have language to express.

PHILANDER.

TO ME these wond'rous beauties now appear
As little better than a gilded snare:
To little arts she meanly can resort,
And make the worthiest subjects of her sport;
She——

LUCINDA.

STOP, brother, stop, enough's already said;
Prithee, be tender of a helpless maid.
Besides, the world, as you have felt her power,
May say, the disappointment makes you sour.
You us'd to blush at mention of her name;
The dullest eye might read your latent flame;
You wove her name in many a tender rhyme;
To her caprice you sacrific'd your time;——
Nay more than time, your honour and your ease;
When ballanc'd with her pleasure, what were these?
Provok'd beyond endurance, you revile,
And swear she shall no more your peace beguile:
She with a smile her wanderer could recall,
And toss you back and forward, like a ball.

PHILANDER.

BUT Frances no such sacrifice requires;
My honour and my interest she desires.
Yet I to that capricious beauty owe
That I the worth of charming Frances know:
When wounded by her proud companion's scorn,
And insolence, that scarcely could be borne,

Her undesigning goodness strove to heal
The bitter anguish, I could ill conceal;
I in her easy converse often sought,
And found, a refuge from tormenting thought;
At last from Mila's galling slavery free,
My Frances now is every thing to me.

Love's Conflict with Reason.

WHATE'ER's respectful, just or tender,—
All that's liberal and refin'd,
Bids my beating heart surrender
To the charms of such a mind.
Let merit have its well-earn'd tribute;
Wisdom ought to bear the sway:
Prudence must not this prohibit;
'Tis a debt I love to pay.
Ev'n a transient conversation
As a blessing let me prize;
A rich fund for meditation,
To make me happier and more wise.

Can I keep the happy medium,
Taste the bliss yet shun the woe!
Yet his eyes, if right I read them,
Tell a tale I long to know.
This I fear is a delusion;
What we wish we fancy true;
Oh! I'm cover'd with confusion!
That's a thought I can't pursue.
Wherefore should I sigh or languish!
Why indulge a hope that's vain!
Why lay up a store for anguish!
Love, and not be lov'd again.
'Twas the precious emanations
Of a more than common mind,
First inspir'd these sweet sensations:
Must they be so soon resign'd!
Earth thy most exalted pleasure
Often opes a door to pain!
Then, my soul, pursue that treasure,
Which forever shall remain.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNEXPECTED SERENITY OF THE MORNING.

SEE! my Serenia, 'twas a strange mistake;
Imagination conjured up the storm.
All is serene! Th' unclouded sun breaks forth
Shedding a golden radiance o'er the plain—
My gentle sister, we may range abroad
And hail the balmy fragrance of the morn.
Come let us wander o'er the dewy lawn
And lose ourselves among the sweets of nature.
But thou art lost in thought! Thy tender heart
Is fondly wandering from the present scene
In quest of thy lov'd Mitio———
Or is it busied making fond inquiries——
Where is he now? or how is he employ'd?
Celestial guardians, hover round my love,
Preserve him both in person and in mind,
Infuse pure thoughts into his gentle heart,
And tune his soul to virtue, peace and joy.

I know the pious breathings of thy soul,
I know what most for Mitio thou desir'st.
O may thy prayers and thou acceptance find
Through man's prevailing advocate in heaven,
And draw down blessings on thy husband's head,
And on the precious boy whose infant smiles
Endear the recollection of his sire,
Sostening the pangs of necessary absence.
Hark! how th' aerial choristers pour forth
Their morning song, mingling their various notes
In pleasing concert——————
'Tis wild, indeed, but then 'tis sweetly wild,
No jarring, no discordance in the sound.
See, how they spread their variegated plumes,
And raise their little heads with conscious joy!
O wide-spread happiness! O bounteous God!
There is no chasm in thy vast creation;
All, all is animated, all is fill'd
With creatures suited to their various ranks,
All springing from, and all sustain'd by thee.
What permanent felicity must flow
From union and communion with a being
So full, so perfect, so —— but words are poor;
What can I say?—So every thing, a—God!

By union here, I do not simply mean
That all-pervading influence which connects
Whatever is created to its source.
I know there is a sense in which he's near
To every one of us——————
"In him we live, and move, and being have,"
And from his bounty all our mercies flow.
Forsaken but a moment, we must sink,
Must fall at once into primeval nought.
The union and communion in my view
Comprises this and more: 'Tis a new life
In which the blessed Spirit agent is.
It is a turning of the heart to God;
An unreserv'd submission to his will.
'Tis call'd a transformation to the image
Of his eternal Son. O glorious change!
Peace through the merit of his precious blood,
And access to the Father by his Sp'rit.
O wonderful access! O blessed change!
From death to life! Dead bodies are unconscious;
The soul that's dead, feels not its lost estate.
That power which shall hereafter break the tombs,
And raise our slumbering bodies from the dust,
Performs as great a work on every soul.

He raises from the ruins of the fall,
Restores to life, to spiritual existence,
And feeds, and leads in the strait way to heaven.
This, this Serenia, this is life indeed;
This is communion with th' Eternal Three,
With God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
This, to obtain, should be our daily pray'r,
Both for ourselves, and those we most affect:
This to obtain, should we not hourly strive,
Knowing our labours will not prove in vain?
Knowing God works in us to will and do
Of his good pleasure, should we not then pray?
Knowing his ear is open to our cry
And that whoever asks aright receives
Through sov'reign grace, a suitable supply.
O for the lively exercise of faith!
True faith gives holy confidence in prayer.
Believers have an advocate in heaven,
A mediator to enforce their prayers,
Or rather say, to claim in their behalf
The Blessings he hath purchas'd by his blood.
Doth not his righteousness, his suff'ring life,
And agonizing death, join in the just demand?

While kind compassion in Immanuel's breast,
Is still an exercise. O deep-laid plan!
How pow'rful! how beneficent! how pure!
It bears the stamp, the signature of heav'n;
The law is highly honour'd in the sight
Of all intelligences; sin condemn'd,
And yet through tender mercy sinners sav'd.
Now let us turn our eyes upon the cross,
And with abhorrence turn from ev'ry sin.
Did justice call for such a sacrifice?
And shall we cherish, shall we count it sweet?
This were a terrible abuse of grace,
A dreadful trampling on the blood of Christ.
The Scripture warns us not to be deceiv'd:
"Who sow unto the flesh corruption reap."
Let's view the dreadful catalogue of crimes,
The native product of the carnal mind;
Then seek deliv'rance from that vile estate.
Behold, the bright reverse, a fair assemblage,
Of heav'n-implanted virtues clust'ring grow,
Fruits of the spirit these, love, joy and peace.
Whate'er is lovely, true, of good report,
Begun on earth and perfected in heav'n,

Flows from this blessed union, this access
To God, by Christ, that new and living way
Under th' influence of the Holy Ghost.
O the sweet intercourse, the happy tie!
O gainful commerce at the court of heav'n!
Then why my heart, ah why! so seldom there?
O glorious privilege! to be allow'd
To draw down blessings from the source of bliss,
To drink with freedom at th' eternal fount;
This is the living water, this the well
Whence true believers draw immortal life.
Then why art thou impov'rish'd thus, my soul?
And why thy graces of such slender growth?
The fault is all my own; I live below
The kind provision of our gracious Lord,
For present use, as well as future joy.
Is there in Christ, a fulness that ov'rflows,
T' enrich his purchas'd people when mature?
And are his minors destitute of means,
Of education for th' important posts,
They're call'd to fill in a sublimer scene?
We basely prize the husk before the grain;
We vainly strive to feed our deathless souls
With sensual food. Unskilful nurses! left

Unto our care, they sicken or they starve.
Barr'd by our blessed Master from our bane.
We deem his service rigid and austere;
But Jesus gives his children better food;
And they who best digest must faster grow.
He feeds his people with the bread of life,
Of which those who partake shall never die.
He is himself the bread and he the wine;
And O how warm he presses to the feast,
"Eat, O my friends! and drink, O my belov'd!
"My flesh is meat, my blood is drink indeed."
Quaff freely this exhilarating draught,
Nor fear intoxication; 'tis thy life.
Reason by this is brighten'd, not obscur'd:
A heavenly light breaks in upon the mind;
Or rather mental vision thus restor'd
Receives with extacy the light from heav'n.
O what a Master! what a Lord is here!
His flesh, his blood, his spirit, all are given,
T' enrich our souls and make them meet for heav'n.

A Mourning Piece.

'TIS evening; now all Nature is serene;
The time glides imperceptibly away;
While Fancy's powerful magic shifts the scene,
Under her guidance let the muses stray.

By her transported to my native plains,
I there survey the ravages of Time;
Fain would the muse burst forth in unknown strains,
Mingling the pensive, moral, and sublime.

In order to give utt'rance to the heart,
And its emotions faithfully pourtray,
She need not study frigid rules of art,
But Nature's gentler influence obey.

Oh Death! I contemplate thy meagre form!
If that may form be call'd which is a void;
Thou servile pander to the greedy worm,
How many victims has thy dart destroy'd!

Where's now the man* of philosophic mind,
That to no mode of thinking was confin'd?
Who his own track delighted to pursue,
Explode old systems and bring forward new?
A man of such diversified parts,
He understood, untaught, mechanic arts;
His mind through varsious channels knowledge sought;
He very little spoke but much he thought.
Where is he now? in some congenial sphere;
But where it lies, hereafter will appear.

But soft! I hear the plaintive sound of woe!
It seems to issue from a breaking heart;
I know that voice; the mournful cause I know;
And consolation gladly would impart.

The charming youth† had just attain'd his prime;
Was his fond father's hope, his mother's joy!
When the sharp scythe of hasty-footed Time,
Did all these hopes, these flatt'ring hopes destroy!

Muse! not so fast—a source of comfort's given;
His end was both instructive and sublime;

* J—— H——, Esq.

† The Eldest Son of the Rev. S—— W——.

In the near prospect of a blissful heav'n,
He spoke the language of that glorious clime.

He mourn'd the follies incident to youth,
But fix'd his hopes upon a Saviour's name:
His knowledge in the oracles of truth
Might make his seniors hang their heads with shame:

Of patience in excruciating pain,
He thence, the best example brings to view;
What anguish did our blessed Lord sustain!
To whom all power and glory is the due.

Now let us view the consecrated spot,
Where weeping friends deposited his clay;
Nor let that solemn lesson be forgot,
Which well the christian and the sire pourtray.

Ah! where is now that gentle, generous mind,*
Which once presided o'er yon neat abode?
The man of morals pure, and taste refin'd,
The lover of his country and his God!

Alas! the widow's wail, the orphan's moan,
Succeed the pleasant notes of love and joy!

* Mr. J—— J——.

From heart to heart responds the heavy groan,
While tears of anguish stream from every eye.

Both of a frugal and a generous mind,
Careful, not sordid in the least degree;
In him, good sense and prudence were combin'd,
From aught that look'd like ostentation, free.

Oh! he was peaceful, temperate and humane,
Each modest virtue made his breast its seat;
He liv'd a blessing to the rural plain;
He died; his mem'ry must be ever sweet.

On the Marriage of Mr. H——, to Miss M'C——.

O! FOR a sweeter, gentler strain!
Muses! ope your sprightliest vein!
Let fragrance breathe from ev'ry flow'r,
With which ye strew the nuptial bow'r.
May benignant pow'rs preside
O'er the bridegroom and the bride;

Guard them through this vale of tears,
Raise their hopes and calm their fears!
May the lover taste delight
As his sparkling genius bright;
Solid blessings which endure,
As his spotless morals pure!
May the fair one's gentle breast
Be the seat of peace and rest;
There may ev'ry virtue blend;
The tender wife, the faithful friend!
Love, cemented by esteem,
Is no visionary dream,
Which, on wak'ning, fades away:
But its soul enliv'ning ray
Sweetens life through every stage;
Brightens youth and comforts age.
'Tis a principle of love,
Fits us for the realms above.

To Anna.

TELL me, Anna, canst thou find
Real tranquility of mind?
Where it is I fain would know,
That I may seek and find it too.

Is it with the light and gay,
Who laugh, and sing, and dance and play?
Alas! my friend, too oft we find
A smiling face and bleeding mind!

Shall those who are morose and grave
Such a precious treasure have?
Can they enshrine a guest so bright,
Whose very looks repel delight?

Is this bright jewel then design'd,
For creatures of a haughty mind?
Do the lofty, proud and high,
Real tranquility enjoy?

No, my friend; it cannot be:
They with its nature disagree;

For haughty-minded mortals crave
Blessings they can never have.

We may seek with more success
Among the meek for happiness;
They, who their hearts and lives have given
Into the moulding hand of heaven:

They whose gen'rous hearts can feel,
Nor that alone, but strive to heal
A neighbour's wounds; and kindly try,
To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.

And what is nobler still than this,
They know to taste another's bliss;
The circle of their joy extends,
Who share the pleasure of their friends.

But O! what peace pervades the breast
That looks beyond this world for rest!
To such, the purest joys are given,
In foretastes of a future heaven.

An Adieu to the place of my Nativity.

FAREWELL, ye much-lov'd scenes of youth
And childhood's careless days!
Where first I sought the God of truth
To regulate my ways.

Where first I felt the cheering glow
Of friendship's sacred flame,
That sweetest blessing here below,
And purest, mortals claim.

Here dwelt my much revered sire,
Whom memory still holds dear!
Nor do I longer days desire
Than I his name revere!

He liv'd, he breath'd within these walls,
Sole lord of the recess:
Now to another's hand it falls:
All's change, all's change, alas!

Farewell, ye much-lov'd haunts of youth!
But not a last adieu;
May virtue, innocence, and truth,
Fix their abode in you.

Oft let me to that church return,
Where rests my Fathers's clay,
And steal a look at his dear urn
Before I go away.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE REV. W. M——.

ALAS! he's gone! he's mingled with the dead!
That stedfast, warm and soaring spirit's fled!
Which nor persuasion's art, nor interest's force,
Could turn aside from its determin'd course.
Now streaming tears bedew his sable urn;
His much-lov'd flock their faithful pastor mourn;
Who as a father for their welfare car'd,
Nor mind, nor body, in their service spar'd.
In sep'rate beds we mighty rivers find,
Which soon in the same ocean are combin'd;

Thus holy men of every sect and name
By different means at the same object aim;
Since the great end of every pious plan
Must be God's glory, and the good of man.
Those leading features in the human frame
Which designate the species, are the same;
Yet what diversity in shape and hue
Must strike the eye, upon a closer view?
Let us with awe and admiration trace
That fair variety in form and face,
Which marks the individual from the race;
And in the wide diversified plan,
Infinite power, unbounded wisdom, scan.
From the same elements we all derive
That nourishment by which we grow and thrive:
Thus christians live by the same heavenly bread;
And the same love, the love of God, must shed
Through every breast its renovating flame,
In essence, and in tendency, the same.
Christians pay homage to one common Lord,
And found their systems on his written word,
In which there's no deficiency of light;
The imperfection's in the human sight;
This thought for mutual sympathy should call,
Since there are errors and mistakes in all.

Truth—An Allegory.

Young Damon is the blithest swain
That sports upon the velvet plain.
The rural hero ne'er repin'd
At hardship of the manual kind;
Ne'er look'd on labour as a curse,
Or measur'd merit by the purse.
The patient and industrious bee
Is not more diligent than he;
Nor can with greater skill contrive
To bear its treasure to the hive,
Than Damon to enrich his mind,
With stores more precious and refin'd.
From mother earth he draws his wealth,
And owes to exercise and health
His manly air, and roseate hue;
His eyes, the clear ethereal blue,
By art were never taught to roll;
Through these you may discern his soul:
That vigorous soul is unconfin'd
By prejudice of any kind:

Enamour'd in his early youth
With the celestial form of TRUTH,
He sought with zeal the radiant maid;
He woo'd her in the lonely shade:
For her he climbs the craggy steep,
He seeks her in th' unfathom'd deep:
Tho' oft obscured from his view,
Her faithful votary finds a clue,
By which her steady steps are trac'd;
And oft her deathless form's embrac'd.
A low'ring dame with visage grim,
Upon a day, accosted him:——
Fond youth, thy fruitless search forbear;
Why languish for a fancied fair?
The good you seek you'll never find;
She's but a creature of the mind.
You strive to catch an empty sound,
For TRUTH is no where to be found.
Madam, if there be nothing true,
Sure nothing *is*, then what are you?
Such gloomy counsel let me shun;
You're like a cloud before the sun:
But peeping through thy envious shade,
Lo! I behold my charming maid!

A form indeed his eye had caught,
But not the peerless nymph he sought;
Smooth was her brow, her visage fair,
She met him with a winning air;
Soft was her voice, her aspect mild,
And as she spake, she sweetly smil'd.
Come, gentle youth, (she fondly cries,
With melting languor in her eyes,)
I'll lead thee to a peaceful shade
Which gloomy doubt shall ne'er pervade;
But beams from me reflected are
As strong as mortal eye can bear.
Then follow me——The youth obey'd,
And follows the delusive maid.
By various devious paths they stray,
Through which she gently clears his way:
Till on an open plot of ground
She draws a magic circle round.
Pride like a stately tree arose,
With hollow trunk and spreading boughs;
With mimic fruit these boughs were hung.
The birds among the branches sung;
While human voices join the choir,
And set young Damon's heart on fire.

For still the sweetest tunes they raise,
In sonnets, full of Damon's praise.
That nothing ill may shock his sight,
She ne'er admits too strong a light;
But scatter'd sun-beams faintly play,
And shed abroad a milder day.
Sweet streams of self-complacence flow,
And flowers of rhetoric gaily blow;
With these she crowns th' enamour'd youth,
And fills his arms with fancied truth;
Who, to his bosom holds the cheat,
And deems his happiness complete.
TRUTH, seated on a chrystal throne,
Which with transcendent glory shone,
Shot from her eye a lucid beam,
That broke young Damon's golden dream.
The youth in an indignant heat
Turns with abhorrence from DECEIT;
Avaunt! delusive form! he cries;
You don't contain the good I prize:
Thine is a thin, external white,
But she I seek, is full of light:
Thy streams with vain ideas fraught
Are deadly foes to sober thought.

Haste! take this chaplet from my brow!
I scorn thy empty honours now.
My heavenly Mistress shall dispense
The flowers of modesty and sense.
With these my temples I'll entwine
And prize a garland so divine.
I see approach my spotless fair!
I breathe a purer, fresher air!
Doubt vanishes before her beams,
And every object's what it seems.
O come! celestial beauty, come!
Thy lips drop incense and perfume!
Let me enshrine thee in my heart,
And stream from thence through every part!

To Miss R. G——.

INGENIOUS artist! thou whose magic hand,
With mimic life bids the rude canvass glow;
See! at thy touch the flowers of spring expand
Their beauteous leaves, regardless of the snow;

Thy strong imagination, active power!
Retraces every tint of the long-wither'd flower.

Ah! why should cruel disappointment blast
The bud of genius, its aspirings chill!
The brightest day sometimes is overcast;
From low'ring clouds refreshing rains distill:
And, as the sun breaks through th' impending gloom,
So on thy brow the well-earn'd wreath shall bloom.

It is not sure in fortune to repress
The energies of such a soul as thine;
I know thou'lt rise superior to distress,
As the hot furnace doth the gold refine:
And, as the gold comes purer from the flame,
So shall thy virtues and thy spotless name.

Song, youth, and beauty, Young's* fair fav'rite's boast,
In sweet assemblage all unite in thee;
But, in the whirl of time, these must be lost:
'Tis this, which sets the stamp of vanity
On sublunary blessings; but the soul
Shall last, when suns and seasons cease to roll.

* Doctor Young.

So well endow'd, 'twere impious to complain;
Bless then the Power, that has such talents given;
And rise superior to th' applause of man,
Fixing your hopes, your dearest hopes on heav'n:
The Painter and the Poet's crown are thine,
To these, accomplish'd maid, the Christian's join.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY, IN THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND AND CHILD.

FOR you sweet babe these lines are penn'd;
They come from an endearing friend;
'Tis from a mother's heart they flow,
A heart oppress'd with grief and woe!
My husband's absent from my arms;
My beauteous infant's opening charms

No more delight my ravish'd eye;
For her I heave the secret sigh!
But why lament my absent dear?
Don't she enjoy a father's care?
A father, whose delight is plac'd
In the sweet child, and sees her grac'd
With every charm that can engage,
In one of Harriot's tender age.
And when she sense enough attains,
To profit by parental pains,
Our mutual care shall be combin'd,
To make her both in form and mind,
A pattern of each female grace.
May heaven our fond endeavours bless!

To the memory of Mr. O—— P——.

MY muse laments the woes of private life:
Not blood-stain'd battle, war's horrific strife,
Provokes her daring; but the peaceful swain,
Whose timeless fate with sorrow dews the plain,

Awakes to solemn sounds the fun'ral lyre,
While grief and pity plaintive lays inspire.
Sure some celestial pow'r his soul sustain'd,
While dire disease his manly vigour drain'd;
Drank up his spirit, dimm'd his radient eye:
They suffer much, who thus by inches die.
But who conceives the happiness prepar'd,
The palm of victory, the divine reward,
Which waits the faithful christian on that shore,
Where sin and sorrow, pain and death's no more?
Weep not, ye friends! indulge no bitter sighs!
Why mourn his elevation! let him rise.
But oh! his children, his bereaved mate,
Left in a widow'd, and an orphan state!
These your condolence claim, your care indeed;
Give them that tenderness he cannot need.

ASPASIA.

THE Young Aspasia, like an op'ning rose,
Which to the morn its beauties doth disclose,
Serenely smiles in the gay morn of life,
Thoughtless of dangers, sorrows, care, or strife;
With friends and fortune, fame and beauty bless'd;
Of all beloved, and of all caress'd;
In sweet delight she spends each happy day,
And time smiles on her as it wings away.
Take heed, sweet nymph, before it be too late;
Upon a firmer basis, fix thy fate:
These things seem strong, yet they might chance to break,
And, if you please, I'll prove them all but weak.
First, then, what's riches, but a glittering snare,
Which often leads in paths that vicious are?
And what is fame? 'tis bright but brittle too;
'Tis priz'd by all, yet gain'd but by a few.
Then cries Aspasia, whither shall I fly?
On what lay hold in this extremity?

Lay hold on piety; let prudence guard
Thy actions all, and as a rich reward
Thou shalt have friends and fortune, beauty, fame,
And love from all who merit your esteem.
For good behaviour, you will always find,
Is the fair offspring of a virtuous mind.
Should baleful envy try your fame to blight,
Your conduct still will prove you in the right;
Or even though a false malicious tongue
Should make the world believe you in the wrong;
Yet still your conscious innocence will be
A secret sweet which nought can take away.
Your friends too will be of the noblest kind,
Not link'd unto your fortune, but your mind:
These will remain, when sunshine flatt'rers fly,
Close join'd to you by every tender tie.
If you are virtuous, surely you are fair;
Virtue is beauty in its highest sphere;
Its charms will last when faces can't engage,
And, what's more strange, grow lovelier for its age.
And as for riches, I shall quickly show
How even these kind virtue can bestow:
If you have beauty, freinds, and fame, I'm sure
You're rich enough, and need not covet more.

An Elegy. Occasioned by the sudden death of W. M'Cormick.*

O! save the muse from such a painful theme!
Let me awake, and find it but a dream!
Shadows and death are hov'ring in my view!
But ah! the vision is too sadly true!
My head grows giddy, anguish and surprise
Make every object swim before my eyes.
Well may this world be call'd a passing show;
Sure there is no reality but woe!
Impious thought! let reason check its rise;
Our sorrows are as transient as our joys.
May the vicissitudes of fortune tend,——
The smiles that cheer us, and the pangs that rend,—
To fit us for our first and highest end!
Nothing on earth can boast a lasting date,
Save what's connected with a future state.

* He fell from his waggon, while at work in the field—one of the wheels passed over his head, and he soon expired. This happened on the 13th June, 1805, and, the third day after, this piece was handed, to have a place in this collection. An evidence with what facility the authoress clothes her excellent sentiments in a poetic dress. *Editor.*

How vain, how futile, are our worldly schemes!
Life's brightest prospects fade away like dreams!
Our fondest hopes are blasted; how we rave!
Are sooth'd, then sink into one common grave.
See yon fair mourner, who so lately prov'd
The bliss to love, and know herself belov'd;
A happy wife and mother, in the morn,
Ere night, a widow wretched and forlorn!
The joy, the pride, the glory of her eyes,
A pale and breathless corpse before her lies!
Snatch'd in his vigour, not a moment given,
To bid adieu, or raise his heart to heaven.
But let me here the forward muse controul.
Who knows the breathings of his parting soul?
But sure the living should such deaths regard
As calls to be habitually prepar'd.
Is it in sympathy to draw the dart,
Which has transfix'd his faithful partner's heart?
Ah! whither shall I go? she wildly cries:
Here every object brings him to my eyes:
See! all around is flourishing and fair,
The fruit of his great industry and care.
But he, the life by which I liv'd, is fled!
My dearest William's mingled with the dead!

Oh! had I been allow'd to see him die,
Hear his last words, and catch his parting sigh!
The mournful recollection would be sweet:
But now his voice my ear will never greet:
And yet this heart continues still to beat.
Now, the first shock beginning to subside,
Reason again the mental helm would guide.
She strives to conquer unavailing woe;
But still the sigh bursts forth, the tear will flow.
Still there are duties of a sacred kind,
To exercise her body and her mind.
The fruits of virtuous love, a helpless pair,
Deprived of a worthy father's care;
These twin-born babes her first attention claim,
Who just begin to lisp their father's name.
That heart, which us'd to vibrate at the sound,
Their artless prattle now must deeply wound.
Yet would she not these agonies forego,
But finds a kind of luxury in woe.
Alternately she holds them to her breast,
Who late were to his manly bosom press'd.
In their infantine features strives to trace
The lineaments of her lov'd William's face.

May God preserve and bless her precious charge,
And with her griefs her fortitude enlarge!
Support her weakness by his strength divine,
And teach reluctant nature to resign!

A Fragment.

NOW budding nature, sweet ambrosial spring,
Opens her stores and gives the rising blade;
The fast-expanding leaf; the smiling flower,
Unfolds its beauteous bosom, to receive
The pearly dewdrop, glittering like a gem
Of precious price, but vanish'd at the grasp;
Like half the transient pleasures men pursue.
Nature's a book: and e'en the simplest herb,
The smallest flower, the atom scarce perceiv'd,
Is fraught with useful lessons to mankind.
Did man consider, he might wisdom gain
From nature's face; where'er he turns his eyes.
What's wisdom? 'tis another name for virtue.
A vicious man can ne'er be truly wise;

A vicious man may boast a genius bright,
Surprising wit and subtilty of thought,
Yet from true wisdom be as far remov'd,
As light from darkness, glory is from shame.
Genius and wit, when happily combin'd
With rectitude of heart, make virtue shine,
And add new lustre to her native grace.

A Song.

FAIR Mira, in a lonely grove,
Retir'd from mortal sight,
Thus sweetly sung: (her theme was love,
The parent of delight)

Come, love, she cries, divinely smile;
Come, brighten every thought:
'Tis thine to sweeten care and toil,
And smoothe the hardest lot.

Oh! that for me some gentle youth
Might feel his bosom heave!

Let him speak nothing but the truth,
And let me still believe.

Let sacred friendship fan the fire,
And kindness bid it glow;
Let mutual love our hearts inspire,
In scenes of weal or woe.

Let virtue rule in either mind;
From her our joys we'll date,
Nor seek illnatur'd faults to find,
Or subjects of debate.

Let us be cheerful as the lark,
But innocently gay:
Through life let wisdom steer our bark,
And guide to realms of day.

Thus Mira sung in sweetest strains,
Unconscious of a listening ear;
When Thyrses, pride of neighb'ring plains,
Close at her elbow did appear.

She started—He enraptur'd cries,
Be not alarm'd, my charming maid.
Such sentiments need no disguise;
Disown them not, he smiling said.

Ah ! might I to such charms aspire,
Or hope to gain a heart so true,
To Mira's name I'd set my lyre,
And only sing of love and you.

Say, may the advent'rous Thyrses try
To realize th' ideal swain ?
You'll make the fairest bride, and I
The fondest lover on the plain.

Quick to her cheek the blushes came;
Her tongue no answer could devise:
Nor did the youth her silence blame;
But read his success in her eyes.

A Song.

Ah fatal delusion! my reason's disgrace!
It is not his person, his mind, nor his face,
But some striking features in each, have combin'd
To warp my fond heart, and entangle my mind.

For uniform virtue I can't him approve;
Though virtue's the proper foundation of love;
Yet the outlines of some noble virtues appear,
Confronted with vices which call for a tear.

What strange contradictions in him are combin'd!
He's proud and impetuous, yet tender and kind:
In passion he rises, like the high-swelling wave,
And shows us at once both the tyrant and slave.

O Fancy! you drew with too flatt'ring a hand;
You brought me a picture I could not withstand.
How alter'd it seems, when revised by truth!
Alas! that such follies should cleave to the youth!

To the Public.

WHAT various feelings now my soul oppress!
I feel my spirit humbled by success.
While your indulgence stimulates and cheers,
It likewise raises the most anxious fears.
I tremble, lest emerging into day,
This little work your kindness can't repay.
Would He, who is all condescension, deign,
To foster virtue by so weak a mean,
What sweet emotions in by breast would glow!
How must my heart with gratitude o'erflow!
May I the feelings of that heart express,
Tow'rds those, who have revis'd* it for the press!
They gave that time in which they found no void;
(For minds like their's are constantly employ'd)
To me their kind attention has been given,
As freely as the light receiv'd from heav'n.
That Power, who doth benevolence regard,
Be still their patron and their sure reward!
To pay the tribute due to every friend,
Would be a labour that would have no end:

* This respects the attention paid by some friends, to guard against mere typographical errors. *Editor.*

But, that I may in your remembrance live,
I will to each, my humble likeness give.

IN early days, when childish fancies play,
And often lead the wandering steps astray;
When various forms of gay ideas rise,
And novelty ten thousand charms supplies;
At that sweet season, when the tender mind
Opens a-pace, and ranges unconfin'd;
I then was of a magic wand possess'd,
Which future scenes, in brightest colours, dress'd.
An op'ning paradise before me stood;
The world look'd fair, and all its natives good.
Yet in that world I little interest took;
My highest source of pleasure was a book.
To this I sacrific'd my love of play;
On this I often por'd till break of day.
And ev'n my food I sometimes would neglect,
And to my raiment paid not due respect.
I thought that time, (no effort us'd by me,)
Would make me all a woman ought to be;
Expert, each household duty to fulfill,
And ply my needle with the neatest skill.
The hardest toil I early learn'd to bear,
Which call'd for little thought and little care.

Nor did my hands the roughest task refuse;
Which left the mind to cultivate the muse.
Then memory treasur'd each poetic flight.
(Thus occupied, I had no hands to write)
And when at leisure, I the muse forsook,
For the far dearer pleasure of a book.
Abstracted thus, I reach'd my vernal prime,
And thus at once improv'd and wasted time.
But awkward and unqualified, I find
That common things must occupy the mind;
To these a due attention should be given,
To fill the sphere allotted us by heaven.
Unskill'd in life to act a graceful part,
I feel deficient, and it wounds my heart.
The time that's past I cannot now recall;
T' improve the present, then, is all in all.
I've lost my magic wand! this world appears
At once a state of comfort and of cares.
The pangs of disappointment I have known,
And shar'd in sorrows which were not my own.
Unthought-of blessings too I've seen arise,
And tasted sweetness in a neighbour's joys.
Both in myself and others I discern
Enough of guilt, to call for deep concern;

But, in a Saviour's righteousness, behold
Sufficient worth to turn our dross to gold.
I find a want in sublunary things,
And long to drink at the immortal springs.
Beyond this world the eye of faith descries
Unfading bliss, a real paradise.

An Address to Fancy, by Mrs. J. F——.

CHARMING Nymph! ah, wilt thou deign
To revisit once again,
This melancholy seat;
So oft the seat of care and pain,
Where languor spreads its leaden reign,
And finds a safe retreat.

Yet here, ev'n here, at thy return
Could grief awhile forget to mourn,
And anguish cease to sigh;
While mem'ry pleas'd, recalls each scene,
When Fancy led gay Pleasure's train,
Thro' boundless realms of joy;

Then smiling Hope, and Health, and Youth,
With Love, and Innocence, and Truth,
Combin'd their gentle pow'rs;
To chace each sick'ning gloom away,
To make each op'ning prospect gay,
And gild the flying hours.

But Youth, and Health, and Hope are fled;
And pining Care, in Fancy's stead,
My anxious thoughts employ;
While various ills, in dread array
Approaching, fill me with dismay,
And banish me from joy.

Ev'n Love, whose pure and pleasing form
Was wont each sorrow to disarm,
A venom'd shaft supplies.
To see my Husband griefs endure
I cannot ease, and nought can cure,
My bosom bleeding lies!

But come! and with thy magic wand
Disperse the grim, terrific band;
Till time with ceaseless flow,
His healing balsam shall impart,
To cure the pangs which wring my heart,
And mitigate my woe.

FINIS.

ERRATTA.

Page 29, line 3, for *unalter'd* read *exalted*.
—— 31——14, for *as* read *or*.
—— 32——11, for *serious* read *various*.
—— 66——19, for *mother's* read *father's*.
—— 89——3, for *deadly* read *daily*.
—— 95——14, for *rack* read *racks*.
—— 115——14, for *or* read *on*.
—— 150——14, for *means* read *mean*.
—— 171——21, Mr. *J. J.* read Mr. *J. I.*

A LIST OF

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

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